

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



A modern oil tanker built for service to the Persian Gulf (see 'The Persian Oil Agreement and After', page 469)

In this number:

The Right of Political Asylum (H. W. R. Wade)

Should the Gambling Laws Be Changed? (A Barrister)

A Film Director and his Public (Alexander Mackendrick)



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The Listener

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The Flying Visits of Mr. Dulles

RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS on Anglo-American relations today

ONLY fifteen years ago, before the war in fact, a visit from the American Secretary of State would have been a major event in London, even though America itself was then a much less important country than it is now. Today, the significance of last week's flying visit by Mr. Dulles was mainly that it reflected the gravity and urgency of the German problem, and not the fact that the Secretary of State had flown the Atlantic to have lunch with Sir Winston Churchill and to see Dr. Adenauer. I felt, however, that Mr. Dulles' visit did make one reflect about this country's relations with the two big powers, Russia and America. And I thought how odd it is that whether we like a people or not has little or nothing to do with whether we want to be in alliance with them.

Mr. Dulles himself is seen in London relatively often. I only wish we could say the same of Mr. Molotov. Instead, if the Kremlin ever did become as accessible as the White House, one would know that the age of peace had surely dawned. I find it astonishing, in fact, that the Russians should have squandered, apparently deliberately, the vast fund of goodwill that existed towards them in this country at the end of the war—though it is not all gone, I know. Many people still have a natural sympathy for the Russians which they never have for the Americans; and I suppose in a way it is because they feel that the Communist regime in Russia still represents a victory for the underdog. The Americans, on the other hand, rich, powerful, and successful, receive on the international plane the kind of dislike and even hatred that one

may feel for one's boss. But, whether one does or not, the analogy is certainly false in foreign affairs.

Russia has squandered its goodwill by its own acts. The Communist dictatorship in Russia has very little to do today with the ideals of an equalitarian society; its leaders seem to me to be out for their own gain both inside Russia and in the world at large. In spite of our prejudices, on the other hand—and in spite of McCarthy—America is a democracy, based on exactly the same beliefs and hopes as those which, through many centuries, have brought us to where we are. One trouble is the role that the Americans have been called upon to play. They themselves have failed to learn that generosity does not make people like you, particularly when they are also jealous. Giving is in fact one of the hardest things to do successfully, and from our point of view an obvious result of the Marshall Plan and of American military aid has been to make them out as interfering and domineering. And they have certainly added to their unpopularity by the downright, often stupidly brash, nature of their own attitude; this has made people afraid of what they will drag us into next. But, as I see it, to allow the relative unpopularity of the Americans to befog the realities of our own position, so that America and Russia come to be regarded as no more than two similar alternatives, with nothing much to choose between them, is a wicked and dangerous absurdity.

In our own British relations with America, the difficulty is often increased by the fact that in foreign affairs the right thing to do

is usually the hard thing; and, in addition, American ideas of how to do it are seldom the same as our own. This applies particularly to two of the biggest issues with which Mr. Dulles has in fact been dealing during the past fortnight—Formosa and Germany. Only a few days before flying the Atlantic, Mr. Dulles had flown the Pacific and, after the Manila Conference, he was talking with Chiang Kai-shek on the island of Formosa. There the threat of attack by the Chinese Communists is creating new tensions in the Far East; and it is a situation in which the natural reactions of the British and American peoples are poles apart. We, who have recognised Communist China, feel that we must now learn to live with Peking, however many setbacks we may have in doing so. The Americans, on the other hand, claim that our policy of making friends with China has so far utterly failed—and I really think they are right.

Somehow this gulf over policy towards China always has to be bridged when there is a new crisis in the Far East. But in my view it is going to be far more difficult to bridge it in regard to Formosa than it ever was over Korea or Indo-China. At the moment, the immediate threat of fighting is confined to the Quemoy islands, just off the coast of China; and I do not think that, even if Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists looked like being defeated at Quemoy, the Americans would openly intervene. But with Formosa itself, across a hundred miles of open sea, it is another matter. There, the Americans are committed up to the hilt to help the Nationalists, and if they become involved with Communist air and naval invasion forces, it will be difficult indeed for us to know what attitude to adopt. Naturally, some form of so-called 'neutralisation' would be the ideal policy for Formosa, but I cannot see the Chinese Communist Government ever accepting it, since they regard this struggle as a vital continuation of the civil war.

Half the trouble at Quemoy has in fact been caused by the Nationalists themselves, and it is understandable that the Communists mean to stop this coastal raiding, once and for all. But this does not solve our problem if the fighting spreads. Do we in

the last resort wash our hands of any responsibility for supporting eventual American action, or not? Most people here have no use for Chiang Kai-shek, but it is certain that the capture of Formosa by the Communists, after all that has happened, would strike a shattering blow at the very morale in south-east Asia which the Seato treaty has just been designed to support. Besides, I doubt whether we in Britain really have any right to tell the members of what used to be the legitimate government of China that they must surrender; there are 2,000,000 Nationalists in Formosa, and 9,000,000 Formosans whose real views no one knows. And, may it not be after all, that when Chiang himself is dead and gone the 'free China' movement will become genuinely progressive? Then, it might suit us very well to keep it alive.

I hope Mr. Dulles did not fail to discuss these critical points with Mr. Eden, even though his main subject was naturally next week's nine-power conference on Germany. There, it now seems that, although Washington's abruptness is unpopular in this country, British and American interests really do lie more clearly together in Europe than they do in the Far East. From our own point of view, there are two overriding aims at this critical juncture in Europe. One must be to win the Germans to our side, and the other to maintain American interest in defending Europe. As I saw for myself in Washington last year, and as M. Spaak recognised at the Council of Europe last Saturday, at least one powerful section of American opinion links the two together. I believe that, if a friendly Germany is not in fact soon rearmoured on the western side, the pressure inside the United States to withdraw American troops from Europe will become very great. And if these troops do go, in those circumstances, then I think our own position would be pretty desperate. It is by no means impossible that the Americans will one day withdraw—though God forbid that they should. But if it came to that, I do not think many people here would be able to go on talking, as they do, about Russia as only a theoretical enemy, and of America as a theoretical friend. They would soon see for themselves disaster staring them in the face.

—Home Service

Strong Undercurrents in Washington

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

MR. DULLES' sudden decision to fly to Bonn and London raised questions which are not easy to answer. Why should he go to Europe at all at this moment? The General Assembly of the United Nations meets next week* in New York; he can talk to the Foreign Ministers there. A nine-power conference is to be held in a few weeks and leaders who do not come to the Assembly can be seen on that occasion. Mr. Robert Murphy, acting Under-Secretary, has been visiting some of the capitals where Mr. Eden has been busy, so Mr. Dulles does not need first-hand information on that score. But since Dr. Adenauer will not come to the General Assembly—as Germany is not a member—and since German acceptance of restrictions on its armament is a key issue in any rearmament plans, the real object of the Dulles visit was believed to be to find out what restrictions Dr. Adenauer is ready to accept.

Washington correspondents are wondering whether Mr. Eden is asking more than Mr. Dulles feels to be suitable or acceptable. They think that the rising opposition by the Labour Party to German rearmament may induce Mr. Eden to set severer limitations than he otherwise would propose. Mr. Dulles also wants restrictions, but he will wish to be sure that the restrictions as set by the allies are acceptable to the Bonn Government. Mr. Dulles' itinerary was devised to permit the talk with Dr. Adenauer before he saw Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden in London.

Mr. Eden's enterprise in visiting the European capitals has been found encouraging in Washington. The American thesis has been that since the European Defence Community has been beaten, the initiative to find a substitute should come from Europe. Now, it has come from Europe; and Mr. Eden's success in reviving the formula of the Brussels

Treaty, which had not been anticipated, is considered gratifying.

Mr. Dulles' decision not to include Paris in his visit has been interpreted here as telling the French that the United States wants to see Germany rearmoured whether France agrees to it or not. In a way, it is a gesture of impatience. But it may be more than that. Strong undercurrents are to be noted in Washington that call for that re-appraisal of American policies in Europe which Mr. Dulles called 'so agonising'. This does not mean America washing its hands of European defence; it does mean putting less reliance on ground forces and more on atomic weapons. Mr. Dulles and the Eisenhower Administration prefer the Defence Community. But the circles which favour withdrawing some of the American forces in Europe are quite influential. What Mr. Dulles presumably is implying to Europe is that the substitute for the E.D.C. must be genuinely effective and not simply a face-saving formula. And he wants the French, most of all, to understand this.

Interest in Europe has not lessened the concern in this country over the fate of the Quemoy Islands off the China coast. The National Security Council, which held its first meeting outside Washington in Denver, on September 12, presumably discussed the role of the United States in the event of the Chinese Communists invading these Nationalist-held islands. The Seventh Fleet is under orders to protect Formosa, and the Pescadore Islands have been included as essential to the defence of Formosa. If the Security Council made a decision about the Quemoy, it has not been public. It is information that the whole world would like to have and so would the Chinese Communists. Why has not Mr. Dulles obliged the Communists with the information? If they are kept in the dark he thinks it may influence them not to invade.—Home Service

* Broadcast on September 17

The Persian Oil Agreement and After

By P. H. FRANKEL

WHEN the Persian oil conflict was at its height three years ago it made headlines every day; the compromise which is now about to take shape is less sensational yet its features are equally important. Statistics are plentiful and the annual reports of the oil companies are a useful source of intelligence, but information on some of the points which really matter in the international petroleum trade is hard to come by; after all, the industry consists of a number of individual companies whose first concern must be the prosperity of their stockholders. It takes one of the periodic outbreaks of congressional curiosity in Washington, or an international controversy such as the recent one in Persia, to shed light on some of the facts on which a sober analysis can be based.

The trouble in Persia started because one powerful foreign oil company became an obvious target for virulent nationalism. In these circumstances the exclusive concession held by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was considered to be altogether contrary to Persian ambitions and interests; now the dispute is being settled by a consortium of eight companies taking the place of the concessionaire on terms which are on a par with those now prevailing in other Middle East countries.

The obvious question this raises is why, if it was necessary to find a substitute for the one concession holder, the expedient was to call in a squad of companies forming a consortium which, as far as operations in Persia are concerned, will *de facto* act as one body. This had to happen because it was apparently necessary to broaden the basis of foreign interests in Persia by bringing in companies other than Anglo-Iranian and by including non-British interests. But in creating one unit the negotiators have followed a tradition for which there are, I believe, two main reasons. The first stems from the legal system in the Middle East countries. Whereas in the United States and elsewhere oil-prospecting rights are acquired from the individual owners of the land where there is oil, in the Middle East and in some other countries these subsoil rights are a prerogative of the state. In the early days of this development in the east, over-all concessions were given in each territory to one or two oil companies. To produce and refine oil in undeveloped countries, which lack facilities and skilled labour, requires an all-round effort of some magnitude.

The oil companies had to be strong ones in respect of finance and marketing, because exploration and crude production involved a large and highly speculative investment, and once oil was found there had to be ready outlet for a great deal of it.

The second reason for the predominance of big business belongs to the oil industry itself; oil is a very big business, especially on the international scale. Most petroleum products are liquids and need specialised equipment for storage, transport, and distribution. Much of it has to be provided by the operators themselves. At all stages—production of crude oil, refining, transport, and distribution

—fixed investment is heavy (compared with wages). Therefore expenses, and especially amortisation, cannot be easily or quickly reduced. The only effective way of limiting the dangers of shortages and surpluses at each stage is to operate at all of them; hence the emergence of integrated companies handling everything 'from the oil well to the petrol pump'.



Abadan, the Anglo-Iranian oil refinery which is now to be worked by a consortium of eight companies

Left: the oil at the petrol pump

This photograph and that on the cover: Shell Photographic Unit



All this applies in any country: in the United States some twenty companies have a substantial share in crude production, the same companies virtually control refining and are predominant in distribution; nearer home, most of the refining and distribution in the United Kingdom is in the hands of four or five companies, and the same holds good in some continental countries; non-integrated so-called 'independent' companies have their role to play by specialisation and by filling the gaps between the big organisations, yet it is the big companies who are responsible for organising the mainstream of oil.

What applies nationally is still more applicable on the international level; by a freak of fortune oil has lately been found mainly in countries where there is but little consumption, such as Venezuela, Iran, Iraq, Arabia, and Kuwait. To develop and to maintain there substantial production you must have transport, refining, and distribution facilities and market outlets on which

you can rely in a number of far-away consumer countries; contrariwise, you cannot afford to invest in these refining and distribution facilities unless you have secured access to more than one source of crude oil supply (if Anglo-Iranian had not had an alternative crude oil supply in Kuwait its plight after the loss of Abadan would have been still worse than it was). It is therefore not surprising that the fabric of the international oil trade is in the main made up of a very few companies.

Some people have said that it was dangerous to see a vital commodity such as oil being controlled by a handful of companies; others have gone much further and have maintained that those few companies were in a semi-permanent state of collusion and they have been accused in America of forming an international oil cartel. This accusation has now a hollow ring when a number of interested governments (including that in Washington) have sponsored and blessed the formation of a consortium of the very companies so accused. Does this not prove that for certain tasks the individual oil companies are not too large but rather too small, and that such tasks can be tackled only by all of them, whatever the formal set-up may be?

Two Forms of Competition

But let us look at the economic background of all this. For the last twenty years many writers on economics have pointed out that competition among a small number of companies is inevitably guided by principles different from those of the classical market competition, involving a considerable number of buyers and sellers; as a matter of fact the two forms of competition are as different as chalk from cheese.

This does not mean that these few oil companies do not compete with each other. Their search for new oilfields, their research into improved methods of refining, goes on all the time at high pressure—indeed, the standing of each of the companies ten years hence will depend on their current success or failure in these fields. We see them compete by improving the quality of their product but we cannot expect them to feel that straight competition by price cutting—say at the petrol stations—would make any sense; when there are only a few sizable competitors they cannot help selling to the consumer at the same price because a reduction by one distribution chain would swing a great deal of business towards it and their competitors could not afford to let that happen. There is, in fact, no means of enforcing a type of competition which is not inherent in the actual economics of the situation. On the other hand, the traditional suspicions of the American public that big corporations work hand in glove with each other are possibly based on a sound instinct: such a solid block of big companies may tend to compromise consumer interests and provide serious handicaps for smaller competitors and newcomers to trade and industry. Public opinion does not want to see the world made safe for big business; but the trouble is that legal and political thinking has been left behind by present-day economic developments and American law and doctrine seem to result in everybody talking as if he still lived in the Victorian age and was oblivious of the facts of life.

Looking at the performance of the oil companies, we see that never have they retarded technical progress and that they have managed in war and peace to provide all the oil that was needed when and where it was needed. But the huge structure of the international oil industry and trade has had the tendency to become exceedingly rigid—indeed, the Persian consortium, backed as it is by the several governments, may become the apex of that rigid structure.

The problem confronting us now is not so much whether the price of petrol at the pump is the result of local competition: the question is whether the structure of international prices for crude oil and finished products is adequate. Since there are only a few companies involved, and since they sometimes need to act in unison to meet the requirements of their several concessions granted by producing countries, we cannot altogether rely on the automatic play of free competition among them. We have to examine their policies by two criteria—economics and equity. From this angle it will be seen that the real problem does not lie so much between the oil companies and their customers as between producer countries on the one hand and consumer countries on the other—with the United States as an interested onlooker.

The pattern of oil prices all over the world was formed in the period before the last war, when the United States and the Caribbean were the main sources of supply. The marginal quantities of eastern oil were supplied to Europe at prices which would have been charged at the point of destination, for instance London or Genoa, if the oil had come from America. When price control ended in the United States after the war, prices soared and the limiting factors of production

in the eastern hemisphere were only supply and transport facilities. Price hardly mattered at all. Therefore the rise of prices in the States was automatically reflected in Europe, although the actual flow of oil from the Americas which had been substantial before the last war was now reduced gradually to a mere trickle. Twice the system was modified somewhat in favour of European buyers, but there are still remnants of the old system, and in any case the dependence on American price fluctuations remained. Criticism of this set-up lately found expression in questions in the House of Commons and in the correspondence columns of *The Times*. I believe there is a case to answer but I am not sure that all the right questions have been asked.

For the reasons I have just mentioned the facts of current supply and demand do not express themselves directly in the price structure for crude oil and petroleum products. Thanks to the foresight and courage of British and American oil men of the previous generation, oil reserves have been found and developed in Latin America and in the Middle East which assure the supply of oil for a long time, even at a rate much higher than the present one. Experience and research have shown that oil fields should not be exploited too quickly because there is a danger of too much oil being left underground eventually if the oil is allowed to flow freely, and the gas pressure which helps to bring the oil to the surface is lost prematurely. But even when all the rules of good subsoil husbandry are observed, the fact remains that there is now much more oil available, without substantial further capital investment, than there is a market for. The result should be a 'buyers' market' and it can be asked why it has not been reflected in lower prices, which would normally have resulted from each of the supplier's endeavours to attract to himself what business there is.

Take the similar case of oil tankers: after the war there were too few tankers and freight rates went up to a high level: indeed, the increase of freight rates was much steeper than that of oil. Lately the deficiency was made good; oil companies and others, attracted by the promise of profitable business, have built and are building tankers in great numbers. Now, the freight rates have gone down a good deal; why have not oil prices at loading ports gone the same way, now that there is an abundance of oil? The reasons are more political than economic. First, the oil companies, having invested much money in areas of little political stability, felt that returns should come in rather more quickly than would be expected in more normal circumstances. Secondly, the producing countries have formed their economic ideas mostly in the post-war period of shortages and have not yet realised that now the boot is on the other foot; the plain fact that the producer countries, with a practically unlimited supply potential, compete with each other for the custom of a limited market, has never been appreciated by the producer countries. It may well be that the peculiar situation of some oil companies holding concessions in more than one country has not helped them in pressing home the truth.

American Influence

In this set-up the consumer countries' interests may have gone by default, as it were. They have not obtained the benefits which they would have derived from the supply-demand pattern, because the crude-oil producers everywhere were better at forming 'pressure groups', if I may use a good American expression. I have just mentioned one of the reasons why the oil companies have tended to lean towards producer interests. The other is bound up with the importance America used to have as traditional supplier of oil and now has as a big importer; this importance is increased by the fact that oil companies who have their main interests in the States also control a big slice of business outside the U.S.A. The result is an intricate pattern based on American conditions: prices allow of imports of Venezuelan and Middle East crude oils to the United States, but the amounts imported do not depend on the prices charged. They depend mainly on the oil companies restricting their imports of foreign oil voluntarily. In fact a certain balance of the different American interests is maintained and the out-lying producer countries benefit indirectly from the high price level which we are told is necessary for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness of crude-oil producers in the United States.

Some parts of the oil industry appear to derive short-term advantages from all this, but it is not entirely of the industry's making: the producer countries who may have had a thin deal twenty years ago have now got themselves considered as partners of the oil companies and share certain benefits fifty-fifty with them. But if the trappings are removed it becomes clear that this is in effect a form of taxation imposed on energy at its source.

There is yet another side to it. The claim of consumer countries to benefit from the 'buyers' market' position would be stronger had not most of them also indulged in the habit of retarding development of the oil industry by imposing taxes at a rate hitherto unknown for any article of prime necessity. If they loosen this stranglehold, consumer countries will be in a better position to show producer countries the way towards prosperity based on higher turnover at lower prices.

Looking at 'oil the world over', we see a buoyant industry which has gone a long way but is still going strong and will yet go far; a few international companies carrying on their business with great skill and acumen are delicately poised between the conflicting interests of the several governments; trying to please everybody, they sometimes manage to satisfy no one. Yet it would be difficult from any point of view to devise a pattern very different from the one which has grown up over the last fifty years or so. To nationalise oil in producer countries is not likely to be a success, as has been proved by the manifest failure of the Moussadeq experiment. Likewise it is doubtful whether it would make much sense to nationalise either refining industry or distribution business in consumer countries. I remember the day, shortly after the last war, when I was consulted by the committee appointed

by the Swedish parliament which looked into the pros and cons of making petroleum a state monopoly. Sweden in the end abandoned the monopoly plan, and what I said then holds good, I believe, today: no consumer country without adequate indigenous crude-oil production can afford to cut itself off from the living network of the international oil industry. The oil companies should be given a chance to work freely in their sphere but the authorities should see to it that they know all the facts and figures and are in a position to understand their background; monopoly of knowledge is the most dangerous of monopolies.

But to return once more to the oil companies: they are out to make profits—and profits they make; but by virtue of the very size and scope of their operations they are turning into amphibian animals, as it were, and seem to be moving towards another element. They have become international institutions whose responsibilities go beyond those they have to their shareholders. Because they operate everywhere, their own prosperity is bound up with general progress and universal peace. At a time when the fate of the political institutions designed to unite the nations is in the balance, any functional approach towards international co-operation is worth pursuing.—*Third Programme*

Why Coal May Be Scarce This Winter

Increased Demand from Industry

By WALTER TAPLIN

TWO IMPORTANT MEETINGS have been looking at the fuel problem for the coming winter. There was the National Coal Board Summer School at Oxford, on the producers' side, and the Association of British Chambers of Commerce at Sheffield on the consuming side. But in any case we shall be nearer to the danger level in the coming winter than we have been at any time since the fuel crisis of 1947.

The reason for this is simple: consumption has gone up. We are using far more coal this year than we did last year—4,500,000 tons more already, and this is only mid-September. By the end of 1954 we shall probably have used over 6,000,000 tons more than we did in 1953. Do not mistake me. We have not shovelled all that much more on the fire, even though it has been a cold summer. It is industry that accounts for most of the extra coal used this year, though the home fires have taken a little more, too.

One consequence of this rise in coal consumption is clear. It would be difficult for the mines to keep up with it in any case. In fact, at the beginning of the year the National Union of Mineworkers said that it would be necessary to produce 100,000 tons more every week to meet the expected demand in 1954. The actual rise in production has not been anything like that. But there has been a rise. The miners have produced well over 1,000,000 tons more this year than they did last year; and that is not too bad, since there are fewer of them. Incidentally, the number on the colliery books is still falling. But it is clear now that they cannot produce anything like the amount which is necessary to keep up with consumption. So we shall have to look to other devices to get us through the winter: fuel economy, as far as that is possible; coal imports—that miserable necessity that goes so much against the grain; and the hope of yet another mild winter.

If industry is going to go on using more and more coal are we not going to run into worse and worse trouble? There are a few answers to that: if anybody has not heard about economising coal through burning it more scientifically and not wasting the heat it produces, it is about time he had. Sir Hubert Houldsworth, the Chairman of the Coal Board, speaking at Sheffield, said that if fuel efficiency had been properly tackled this year there would have been no need to import coal. And actually we have imported more than 1,000,000 tons this year already. Then there is the extra coal we can produce by using more machines and by big reorganisation schemes in the mines. Mr. Browne, the Coal Board's Director-General of production, had something to say about that at Oxford. But one of the things he had to say was that reorganisation schemes take time. We are well behind the schedule with existing plans: and to make matters worse, there is a shortage of mining engineers.—*From a talk in the Light Programme*

Not Enough Mining Engineers

By ANTHONY ASHTON

THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD has awarded seventy-five scholarships this year to boys and young men to enable them to study mining engineering and other technical subjects, in order to fit them later for managerial posts in the industry. But the curious thing about it is that the Board offered 100 of these scholarships but was able to award only seventy-five because there were not enough suitable applicants: and it has been the same every year for the last seven years, since the scheme was started. Scholars have their fees paid and a living allowance of between £200 and £300 a year, and further allowances if they are married and have children. It means a high-grade technical education and several years of university life absolutely free. It is open to people inside the industry or outside. All that is asked is that those applying shall be under twenty-five, shall be able to pass the university entrance examination, and should intend to spend at least three years in the coal industry afterwards. They do not have to do military service.

What is the snag? Apparently there are not enough young men inside the industry who are able to pass the university entrance examination, and not enough young men outside the industry who want to get into it. Here we are, nine years after the war, and still short of coal. Production is rising, but so is consumption and the industry never seems to catch up. There are big plans for new collieries and the development of existing ones, and many of these are in hand, but they are not going ahead fast enough. It sounds incredible, but the Coal Board cannot spend all the money the Government allows it for development. The capital is there, waiting to be spent on new machinery and equipment, sinking new shafts, opening new coal faces—and they simply are not able to spend it fast enough, largely because there are not enough skilled mining engineers to do all the planning work needed for these big projects.

It is not hard to see how the problem has arisen. For thirty years of war and depression to a large extent the coal industry did without training schemes and the education of its future managers. It could not, or would not, afford them. Now that future has arrived and quite simply there are not enough managers. A young man who can pass his university entrance will spend at least three years at the university, then he must have two years' practical training underground, and then obviously he must do a job and learn to accept responsibility for a few more years before he is really in a position to help with the big job of reconstructing the industry. It may well be something like ten years before the result shows in more coal flowing from a pit.

Perhaps, as it becomes clearer that there is a future in mining, more young men outside the industry will decide to be mining engineers, and perhaps more young men inside the industry will work harder at their books to enable them to get to a university.

—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Community Life

IF you live in a provincial town, it is sometimes said, you know everyone; if you live in London you know your friends and need know no one else; if you live in the country you are known about by everyone but how many people you know depends largely on how long you have lived there. For people emigrating, so to speak, from town to country years may pass before they come to be accepted, before they can be said to 'belong'. How far these generalisations are true may be a matter for discussion; but this question of 'belonging' is certainly a different one from what it used to be. Fifty years ago communities, particularly those in the country or even in the suburbs, were much more self-contained than they are now. People did things together—played games, organised themselves into societies of one kind and another, and generally were conscious of each other's existence as members of a community—to a far greater extent than is the case today. It was a way of life that came naturally and if the outlook was sometimes parochial it was at least confined to dimensions that ordinary people could understand and grasp and it sprang from a lively appreciation of the pleasure of 'belonging'. Then came a change. 'Progress' stepped in. Horse buses and bicycles were replaced by motor-cars: travel was made easy; before long, entertainment was brought to the people by means of wireless first in sound, then in vision—with the result that there was no longer any need to get up local entertainments; in fact the sight and sound of professional performers rather discouraged the idea; all you have to do today is to sit and listen to or look at others doing the kind of things that once upon a time you and your friends used to do yourselves—only doing it a good deal better.

These reflections—not startlingly original—find some illustration in Mr. Michael Young's talk on Earswick which is reproduced in our columns this week. There was a village—started fifty years ago with the idea of giving the people living in it a sense of community, a sense of belonging. What has been the result? From Mr. Young's report it seems clear that whatever other effects 'progress' has had on the lives of the people, its effect, so far as the original purpose is concerned, has been little short of disastrous. In some directions of course there have been gains, but in the matter of community life the village has ceased to be the unit. Today the villagers have in many respects far less sense of community than they used to have. The barriers have been broken down and Earswick belongs not to itself but to the world.

On the assumption that there is anything to be said for village community life—and no one can doubt that there is a very great deal to be said in its favour—the history of Earswick would appear to contribute a bleak commentary on our age, on what is commonly called 'progress', on the way that man has been caught up in the momentum of his own inventive genius. The sense of being at one with other people who live in other places is well enough in its way. But as Mr. Young observes, the world is too big a place for anyone to feel at home in. And yet perhaps the scene is not so bleak as it may seem. The more we get about and the more our minds are opened to new sights and sounds, the greater ought to be our appreciation of what is valuable in life. Admittedly it does not always work out that way. But nine times out of ten that only means we are not making the best uses of our opportunities. The friendly village of Earswick may not be all that its founders hoped and expected it would be. But in spite of all that 'progress' has done to it, it has managed to retain a character of its own. On what it once meant and on what it means today to live as a community Earswick can still teach the rest of us some lessons.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Eden's tour

THE EFFORTS OF western statesmen to find a speedy and satisfactory substitute for the European Defence Community have been greeted with open hostility by Soviet commentators who insist that a superior alternative would be the discussion of the Soviet Government's proposals for collective security in Europe. Moscow radio summed up the position in these words:

The question of safeguarding collective security cannot be removed from the agenda of international policy. One cannot wash one's hands of the solution of the German problem. As time marches on, the problem will ever more persistently knock on the doors of Paris and London and even those of Washington. One cannot disregard the development of international relations in the post-war period, which has gradually led to the crystallisation in the minds of the masses of the simple and clear-cut idea that the countries involved should hold talks in order to discuss major outstanding problems. Life will come into its own and no one can ignore its demands for any length of time with impunity.

In the light of this statement, Mr. Eden's visit to the capitals of western Europe in search of a substitute for E.D.C. has inevitably come in for much criticism. The Soviet view, as expressed by Moscow radio, is that the British Foreign Secretary is trying to prepare French opinion generally for Germany's ultimate inclusion in Nato. One commentator had this to say:

It would be a safe bet to guess that should western Germany be included in Nato, she would soon become America's chief partner in this aggressive alliance. The military Washington-Bonn axis would soon become the backbone of this organisation and western Germany would become dominant in western Europe. The new plans for the revival of the *Wehrmacht* are no less dangerous for peace in Europe than the old ones. They will create a situation in which the German militarists will have a free hand. Such a situation naturally suits the aggressive circles in Washington, but is incompatible with the national interests of the peoples of Europe.

Embroidering on this theme, another Moscow commentator declared:

History shows that the day after the re-establishment of the *Wehrmacht*, its units would appear on the borders of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, and other countries, ready for action at a moment's notice to secure *Lebensraum*—and in its wake untold suffering for the peoples of these countries.

Commenting on Mr. Eden's suggestion to admit western Germany to the Brussels Treaty, the Polish Home Service argued that such a step would radically change the treaty from a guarantee against the revival of German militarism into an 'aggressive group with the participation of a remilitarised Germany'. On the other hand, the influential French newspaper, *Le Monde*, wrote on the 'Brussels treaty solution':

An alternative to E.D.C. must provide a convincing demonstration that no one had given up the idea of European unity and integration. To choose a solution within the Brussels Treaty would be to give this demonstration. In the opinion of Mr. Mendès-France, the best framework in which to build a system of controls, guarantees and limitations based on the principle of non-discrimination would be that offered by the Brussels Treaty.

The sudden visit of Mr. Dulles to Bonn has given rise to much speculative comment. Moscow radio prefers to interpret it as a sign of American uneasiness as a result of the British Foreign Secretary's tour of the western capitals. According to one Soviet commentator:

Britain has decided to exploit the American defeat over E.D.C. She proposes to increase her influence in European affairs by setting up a military coalition without the help of American diplomacy. This is precisely the reason why Dulles took off to Bonn—he is trying to catch up with the British Foreign Secretary at the finishing line.

Another Soviet commentator emphasised that British diplomacy was 'by no means loath to take advantage of the U.S. sponsors of the European Army to try to seize the leadership of the military alignment of the west European Powers'. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the State Department had been 'disturbed' by Mr. Eden's rounds of visits, nor that 'disregarding elementary standards of diplomatic etiquette it hastened to have Eden trailed by Murphy.... He arrived in Bonn a few hours after Eden's departure and it is an open secret that his job was to find out everything that had transpired between the Federal Chancellor and the British Foreign Secretary'.

Did You Hear That?

A DUTCH CHEESE FESTIVAL

ANTHONY BRISTOW described a visit to the cheese market festival in the Dutch town of Alkmaar in a talk in the Home Service. 'The cheese porters' (he said) 'were wearing plain white tunics and black or white flat hats (like truncated witches' hats), not because this was a celebration, but because the traditional costume is still worn in Alkmaar, and they carried those red, cannon-ball Edam cheeses on curved, two-man yokes—they are a kind of semi-circular wooden stretcher—to and from the weighhouse where cheese has been weighed for centuries.

'Outside the weighhouse the farmers gathered with their bright-yellow cheese wagons, shuffled round in their bright-yellow wooden clogs that matched the wagons—very comfortable, they say—and bargained animatedly with the merchants. And at this point I was thrilled to see a curious but amusing Dutch custom. With his left hand, the merchant seized the farmer's wrist and gave the palm of his right hand a resounding slap each time a price was quoted. One could hear the crack! crack! crack! of this hand-slapping custom all over the market place—particularly the final one, an extra special slap-happy slap to seal the bargain and demonstrate the good faith of both parties.

'One of the exhibits presented a graphic illustration of the local cheese industry. In the neighbourhood of Alkmaar there are thirty farms and factories producing cheese. These alone produced 48,000,000 pounds of Dutch cheese in 1953—enough to reach from Alkmaar to Barcelona. I asked to see a typical cheese factory and was promptly shown round. At first I regretted not having brought some heavy boots to tramp across the muddy farmlands, but I eventually discovered that eighty-seven per cent. of the Dutch cheese is made in great, modern, streamlined factories with tiled floors, bright laboratories, and comfortable offices.

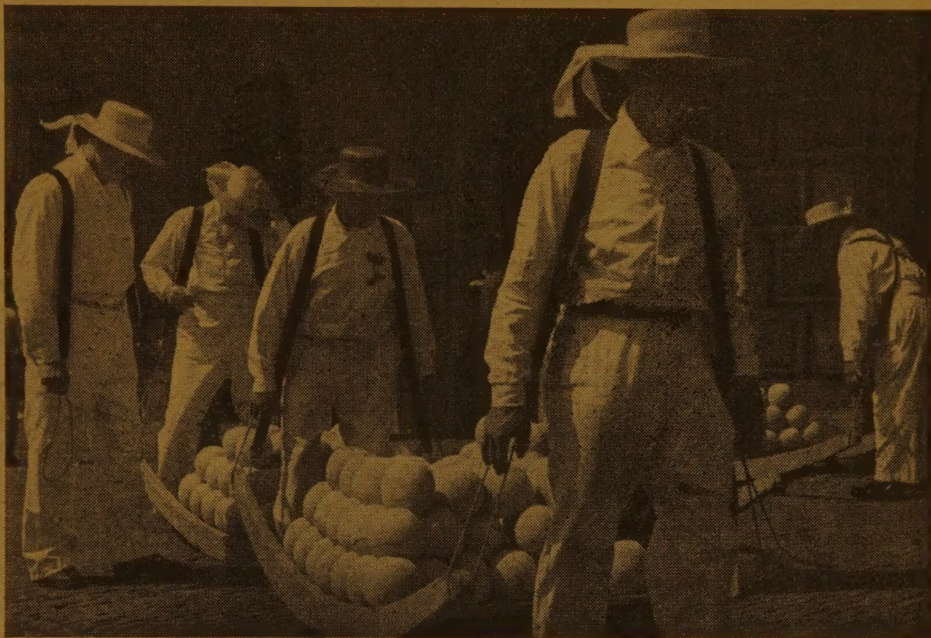
'Hygiene is the keynote of the Dutch cheese production—and of all their dairy produce. When I saw huge vats into which the milk is poured, the rennet added and the whey separated from the curd by great mechanical knives, I had an impression of scrupulous cleanliness.

'I found it fascinating to see the cheese wrapped in cheese-cloth and pressed tight into large round moulds to produce the moon-shaped Gouda variety. After some days in the mould they are taken out, left in a brine bath and then wheeled by a kind of trolley into the refrigeration rooms where they stand row upon row, thousands of them, in endless galleries. It is really rather an extraordinary sight, these countless cheeses reaching layer by layer to the ceiling, the flat Gouda cheeses looking like giant peppermint creams, and the spherical variety, the Edam, giving the appearance of some tremendous Elizabethan cannon-ball armoury. While I was there, in walked the inspector: he drives a special tool into the cheese and extracts a little cylinder which he examines with mature and experienced eyes and then tastes.

'During my stay, I managed to take in a visit to Leiden, where I was shown over the government dairy station. This is a collection of magnificent

research laboratories under the direction of Dr. C. I. Kruisheer.

'Although most of us have a rough idea of the principle of cheese manufacture—a craft which, according to archaeologists working in Friesland, has been practised in Holland since before the Christian era—that idea about it is pretty vague. At least mine was until I went to Holland. And what I specially admired about Dr. Kruisheer was his facility for explaining the process in perfectly fluent English.



Cheese porters at Alkmaar in traditional dress

"Just as there are many types of wine", he told me, "so there are many kinds of cheese. There are more than 500 different varieties all over the world, and cheese and wine have this in common: they are both biological products. One principle is used for making all wine—the fermentation of grape juice—and in the same way cheese, of whatever variety, is produced by adding rennet to milk. Rennet is an extract from a calf's stomach. It has a special effect on milk", Dr. Kruisheer went on to explain. "It separates the elements of the milk into two parts—the protein and fat which form into a thick mass, the curd;

and a watery liquid called the whey. The whey is siphoned off and by pressing and salting the curd the cheese is formed, though the actual ripening process is due to the bacterial content of the milk".

'Another sight that interested me was the production of the government cheese marks, little discs of the stuff called casein, printed in mirror-writing and manufactured by the million for insertion in every cheese, so that the cheese can be traced back to its place of origin in the event of any query or complaint.

'Back in Alkmaar, the festivities continued every day from two in the afternoon until midnight—fashion and dress parades, symphony concerts, air shows, car and motor-cycle rallies, flower shows. Alkmaar,



Scene inside the weighhouse at Alkmaar as it was 100 years ago

with its 40,000 inhabitants, usually receives 250,000 visitors every year. When I was there this year they expected 400,000, from all corners of the world'.

A FOSSIL FOREST IN TASMANIA

It has long been known that a petrified forest existed somewhere in the midlands of Tasmania, and now road workers east of the Macquarie Plains have uncovered it. Experts at the Tasmanian Museum in Hobart believe that its discovery will make possible a complete study of the kind of plant and animal life which existed in Tasmania up to 20,000,000 years ago. A Tasmanian geologist, M. R. BANKS, described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'A piece of wood from the fossil forest at Macquarie Plains was first discovered in 1842, and described by the eminent British botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker. A trunk from this area was sent to the 1851 Exhibition in London, and it is now on exhibition in the British Museum of Natural History. The fossil forest was rediscovered in 1951 by workmen making a road-cutting 100 yards east of Macquarie Plains. Investigations followed and were brought to a head by the recent find of a very fine piece of wood in this area.

'These investigations show that there was a lake there about 25,000,000 years ago. Then a volcanic eruption poured about 100 feet of lava into the lake, causing it to become quite shallow. Sand and silt, carrying with them leaves, flowers, and branches from trees, poured into the lake, making it silt up slowly. Next, a forest began to grow on it, composed of cypress, other sorts of pines, and she-oaks, and marsupials wandered about on the ground surface. At least 300 years after the forest had begun to grow, there was a violent volcanic eruption in the Macquarie Plains area, and the forest was covered with ash to a depth of at least forty feet. The trees are still standing, and in many cases they still have their branches on them. Water, moving through the ash, has turned the trees to opal, and preserved the detailed cell-structure and growth rings of the trees. Geologists here are looking forward to the discovery of marsupial remains in this fossil forest, as a page in the history of the development of the unusual Tasmanian marsupials'.

THE WIND BOAT

'A battered old pontoon boat can be seen these days chugging up and down the River Thames near Abingdon in Berkshire, and passers-by on the river bank scarcely give it a glance', said BERTRAM MYCOCK, the B.B.C. industrial correspondent, in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'But this is, in fact, a remarkable boat and one which it is thought may some day revolutionise transport on Britain's inland waterways.

'There is nothing new about the boat itself—it is just one of the old war-time pontoons on which Bailey bridges were constructed over the rivers and canals of the Continent. What is new is the way it is driven. It blows itself along by a series of gentle puffs created by a fan which, in turn, is driven by an elderly and now not very efficient motor-cycle engine. This is not jet propulsion or compressed air or any of those new-fangled notions. This is air expelled very gently on to the surface of the water, and it is sufficient to push this unwieldy craft against the current of the Thames at a fair walking pace.

'The boat is under the command of its inventor, Mr. Frank Nalder. He told me that it all began with a conversation he had many years ago on the river bank with a man from Sweden who had ideas of propulsion by air pressure. Mr. Nalder set to work, improved on the theories, and then tried to put them into practice. In his back garden he built himself a concrete testing tank in the form of a circle, and

carried out experiments with a model whose fan was driven by a small electric motor. Then he bought the old pontoon and motor-cycle engine and some odds and ends of gear, and set to work to build a full-scale engine.

'Helped by two or three enthusiasts in the riverside community, Mr. Nalder was soon able to take his first trip in the air-driven craft. He claims for it that it is more economical than a propeller-driven boat; that it is admirable for inland waterways where weeds so often foul the screws of normal boats; and it can sail in only a few inches of water. The research authorities of the Docks and Inland Waterways under the British Transport Commission have expressed interest and are watching developments. Mr. Nalder is looking forward to the day when his craft may be adopted for large-scale development. Yes, looking forward: he is eighty-one years old'.

LIMITS TO RAILWAY ELECTRIFICATION

'British Railways have just formally inaugurated electric working over the forty-one miles of line between Sheffield and Manchester, and so have turned the limelight once again on to the question of railway



One of the electric trains in use on the new Manchester-Sheffield line

British Railways

motive power and its future', said CECIL J. ALLEN in a Home Service talk. 'Broadly speaking, capital expenditure on this scale is justified only in certain specific conditions. One is suburban passenger traffic in and around large cities, like London. Where you have any suburban route with closely-spaced stops, the rapid acceleration of electric trains makes for a more speedy and frequent train service than would ever be possible with steam power. The late Southern Railway, by electrifying its network of suburban lines round the south side of London, and then the main lines down

to the coast serving the resorts from Hastings to Portsmouth, created passenger traffic on a scale which justified the vast capital expenditure.

'A second type of line justifying the cost of electrification is one carrying heavy traffic over long and severe gradients, such as the Manchester to Sheffield line. But these conditions do not apply over many less densely occupied British main lines.

'A third justification for electrifying a railway is cheap current. It is cheap hydro-electric power that has prompted the almost complete electrification of the railways in Switzerland, and very extensive railway electrification also in other European countries. In the Alps abundant resources of water are always available by the melting of ice and snow as well as by normal rainfall; by the building of great barrages this water is conserved in capacious artificial lakes in the mountains. From these lakes the pipelines to the turbo-generators in the valley power-stations fall in level anything from 2,000 feet to more than 5,000 feet, and the generation of current on a vast scale is assured.

'The barrages, power-stations, and line equipment are very expensive, of course, but the only running cost is that of maintaining the stations and equipment; there is no fuel cost as such. In any mountainous country, by electrification the railways have the double advantage of cheap current and the speeding-up of the working that becomes possible over long and steep gradients. A notable example is the Gotthard main line, a vitally important traffic artery carrying an endless procession of heavy freight trains which are worked up continuous 1 in 40 gradients to a summit level nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, smoothly and effortlessly with electric locomotives of from 5,000 to more than 11,000 horsepower. No British main line has any comparable mountain climbing to do with traffic of such density; and we have but a limited amount of hydro-electric power, and certainly nothing like a sufficient supply of current from it for the working of British railways on an extensive scale. So it is obvious that further electrification of railways in Great Britain is not likely to proceed with any rapidity'.

The Right of Political Asylum

By H. W. R. WADE

POLITICAL asylum was much in the news a few weeks ago, principally on account of the cases of Dr. Cort and Mr. Klimowicz. These two cases came in quick succession, and many people seemed to think that they were strongly, indeed strangely, in contrast. On the orders of the Home Secretary Dr. Cort, an able American scientist who had worked for some years in this country, was compelled to leave. Yet the Home Secretary made great exertions to secure the entry of Mr. Klimowicz, a Polish dock worker who had no special association with this country and who had escaped from Poland as a stowaway. By a curious coincidence the same ship from which Mr. Klimowicz was rescued was that in which Dr. Cort was leaving the country, after Czechoslovakia had promised him the asylum which Britain had refused.

The Klimowicz Case

It is interesting to compare the two cases. First of all, I will say something of the spectacular part of the Klimowicz case. You will probably remember that a large contingent of police set out in launches and forcibly searched the ship on which Mr. Klimowicz was being detained, and destroyers were evidently in readiness to prevent the ship leaving the Thames if necessary. This rescue was only indirectly a question of political asylum, but for Mr. Klimowicz of course it was of supreme importance. For it would have been useless to grant him asylum if he could have been kept in custody on the Polish ship while it was in the Thames and then forcibly taken back to Poland. His case was, as things turned out, a close counterpart of a famous case concerning a Negro slave, which was decided by the great Lord Mansfield in 1772. The slave had been brought to England by his owner from Virginia, which in those days was a British colony in which slavery was recognised by law. While he was in England the slave ran away, but he was recaptured and put in irons on board a ship bound from London for America. While this ship still lay in the Thames a writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained on the slave's behalf in order to test the question whether it was lawful for him to be thus recaptured by his master. The great point was whether the law of England recognised slavery; for if it did not, there was no lawful excuse for the slave's detention. After a long and learned argument at the bar, Lord Mansfield held quite simply that slavery was unknown to the law of England, and that it made no difference what the law might be in Virginia. According to law, therefore, the slave became a free man as soon as he set foot in this country, and the writ of *habeas corpus* effectively released him.

Mr. Klimowicz, if he will forgive the comparison, was in much the same boat as the slave: could he be detained on board and carried off against his will? Fortunately, it was possible to use the same remedy, *habeas corpus*, with just the same success. It was in fact the Home Secretary who applied to the Lord Chief Justice for his release in order that he might not be carried off before his claim for asylum had been investigated. The legal side of the matter was simple: while the Polish ship was in English waters it was subject to English law, and anyone on board could claim the same personal freedom that is the right of everyone under British jurisdiction. It is a matter not so much of nationality as of geography: once within British frontiers, no one may be imprisoned except in the due course of law, whatever his nationality may be.

One example of the due course of law is detention for the purpose of extradition, and perhaps I should clear that side-issue out of the way. Extradition is the forcible repatriation of people required to stand trial on a serious criminal charge in a foreign country. Its object is to prevent criminals from one country being able to take refuge in another country, and it is essential for effective international collaboration between police forces. But here a line has to be drawn between a genuine criminal charge and political persecution, and accordingly the Extradition Act of 1870 provides that no one may be extradited for an offence 'of a political character'. But unless there is a serious criminal charge pending abroad, and we have an extradition treaty with the country concerned, no one can be lawfully detained under the Act. A trumped-up charge or a trivial charge will never do, and you may

remember from the Petrov affair in Australia that a Russian demand for Mr. Petrov's surrender on criminal charges was rejected after he had been granted asylum. No such demand was made for Mr. Klimowicz, and extradition was therefore outside the picture. Now, therefore, I can come to the central question of asylum.

People often talk about the right of asylum; but in fact no one has any right of asylum, for it is purely in the discretion of the Government. It is a political rather than a legal affair, and in this country the decision belongs to the Home Secretary, who is of course responsible to parliament. He acts in accordance with a policy of which this country has long been proud and which is quite outside our own party politics: that there is always an open door for the victims of genuine political oppression. When the Huguenots came over from France, and later on the refugees from the French Revolution, there was no reason to distinguish a political refugee from any other immigrant, for the country was open to all alike—it was before the days of visas. But when it came to refugees from nazi Germany, or from the far side of the Iron Curtain, political asylum had come to carry with it the valuable privilege of freedom from the immigration controls. So it therefore became necessary to determine who was a political refugee and who was not, and this was the controversial question in the other case, that of Dr. Cort.

Dr. Cort was an American physiologist—a student and teacher of medicine—who had worked in England for some years under a temporary residence permit from the Home Office. The crisis in his case was caused by the fact that if he did not return to America to do his national service, as required by American law, there was a serious risk that he would lose his American nationality. Americans who live abroad and do not comply with their call-up notices may in the end be deprived of their American citizenship—a drastic penalty. You might think that this was purely a question of American law and no concern of this country. But for the Home Office a stateless alien can be a great embarrassment. He belongs nowhere; that means he probably cannot be deported if Britain no longer wants him, for there may be no other country willing to give him admission. If a stateless alien becomes undeportable, he has as good as secured for himself a right of permanent residence, contrary to the terms on which he was admitted to the country.

Stateless Persons

The Home Secretary said in parliament that the whole basis of the system of control of aliens in this country is that if they come here on a temporary footing—as almost all aliens do in the first instance—they should be in a position to return to their own country or to some other which is prepared to receive them. This is an established rule, not of law but of executive policy, and it is easy to see the sense of it. Everyone has heard lately of the unfortunate stateless persons who have found themselves on board ship and unable to land anywhere. Only a fortnight ago there was a report of a man who had been caught in this situation on a French liner, and had been carried to and fro fifteen times across the south Atlantic at a cost of more than £2,000 to the shipping company before he finally found refuge in San Domingo. Obviously it would be wrong for the Government to force people into that position. They can hardly be deported to uninhabited territory. The only choice left is to let them stay or to send them home, and if the home disappears the choice disappears with it.

Dr. Cort found himself a victim of this dilemma—he did not wish to go back to America but if he did not go back he might have become stateless. So he was told by the Home Office that he would have to leave this country. He then appealed for political asylum. The grounds on which he did so were not, so far as I know, explained fully in public, but it is known that he said he would be in danger of unemployment, financial difficulties, and possibly also of imprisonment.

The Congressional Committee on un-American activities—the committee with which Senator McCarthy's name is associated—had held investigations at Yale and other American universities and it seems that various witnesses alleged that Dr. Cort, when a medical student, had been a member of the Communist Party. If so, he might have suffered severely in his career, for several universities dismissed teachers merely

on the ground that they refused to give evidence, and the professional and social existence of a former communist is very hard today in America. Things have certainly gone to extremes when a man may feel that he cannot practise as a doctor or a teacher in his own country because in his student days he joined a certain political party.

But, nevertheless, is this really political persecution? The Congressional Committees have no powers of inflicting punishment and the consequences of their discoveries—dismissal from employment and the like—are inflicted by private employers or by institutions who do not represent the power of the state. They are the consequences of general unpopularity rather than anything directly inflicted by the Government.

From England's point of view, as was explained in parliament, to grant asylum necessarily implies that the Government of the suppliant's country employs methods of political persecution. Although I must of course admit that no one can define precisely what amounts to political persecution, I feel strongly, as do a great many people, that in America today great hardship must be suffered by people who in England might be thought foolish but still quite innocent. The American answer to this is that the Communist Party is a conspiracy, an organisation which is determined to overthrow by force the whole system of democracy, free speech, and political toleration. Such an organisation cannot expect to get a charter of immunity by calling itself a political party. On the other hand, it is repugnant to the idea of free democracy to persecute people for their opinions, however unpopular or perverse.

There is the conflict of principles, and far be it from me to try to answer it. But, when considering an appeal for asylum, it is still easy enough to see that in general America is a free country in a sense in which communist-governed countries are not; and that an over-

powering dislike of communism is by no means inconsistent with the ideals which America and England hold in common. That is why, on the face of it, I should be surprised if the Home Secretary were to regard a subpoena from a Congressional Committee as a passport to political asylum. The really important factor is, I think, that asylum is the outcome of a clash of political ideals at a fundamental level—as there was at the time of the French Revolution between England and France, when France was under the Reign of Terror. So it is hard to imagine that two countries which share a fundamental belief in liberty and constitutional government, as Britain and America do, could consider each other's citizens to be political refugees.

This is the point of principle on which the Cort case and the Klimowicz case meet. It explains why it was easy for Mr. Klimowicz, coming from Poland, to find asylum in this country, while it was not possible to grant it to Dr. Cort, who came from the U.S.; and why Dr. Cort, who was refused asylum by Britain, was granted it by Czechoslovakia.

To go back to Dr. Cort's case, I think that the anxiety which many people felt had really no connection with asylum at all. The hardship was, as I explained earlier, that the Home Secretary felt bound to cancel Dr. Cort's residence permit merely because of the threat that he might become stateless. That is a fixed Home Office policy, for which there are good reasons. But it has to be applied mechanically, without regard to the deserts of the individual alien, however well conducted he may be. It is a genuine dilemma, and a person who is caught in it may be unfortunate. It was this, in my opinion, which was the real source of the sympathy felt for Dr. Cort. I do not think it can be said that his case in any way detracted from the proud traditions of this country as a place of asylum.—*Home Service*

Changing Life in a Village Community

MICHAEL YOUNG on the jubilee of New Earswick

IF someone asks you where you come from, what do you say? Some people answer quickly enough, 'I'm from Bolton' or 'I was born and bred in Bethnal Green'. Others may hesitate a moment and say, 'Well, I was born in Cardiff but my mother was Irish and I've lived in Coventry for three years now'. Or they may say, 'What do you mean—where do I come from?' In fact, many of us do not know where we come from, in the sense of where we belong. It is an uncomfortable feeling. Not to be sure where you belong, whether you have any roots, is something that can make people feel curiously lonely. It is something that has made many kinds of social reformer uneasy too—from Robert Owen to Lord Reith. They have seen that in an industrial society people were always being uprooted and moved about. Again and again they have said, 'We need to restore the sense of community'. Notice that word 'restore'. They imagined, as most of us do, that people had more of a sense of community in the past. They thought we had lost something that was precious. But surely if we are going to have community spirit today it must be something that belongs to now, not merely to the past.

This word community is liable to be mixed up in one's mind with a sort of idealisation of the past and, like many idealisations, it usually is not clearly defined. When people talk of community and community spirit and the sense of community, we wait for the far-away tone of voice—showing that it means a great deal to them but they do not know precisely what. I think myself that this wish to belong to something or somewhere is extremely important. That is why I want to try to define here what community is, and the only way to do this is to look at places where it exists and to see what it is about those places which seems to have built it up. Like many other rather abstract ideas it may have tangible foundations.

What I have been trying to do so far is to show how much this idea of community is in our minds today. It comes into the planning of all New Towns and housing estates. But fifty years ago they were saying the same things when the garden city planners started their model towns at Welwyn and Letchworth, Bournville and Port Sunlight. They, too, wanted an alternative to the anonymous, isolated life of the city. They wanted the same thing—community spirit. We have learned a great deal from these pioneers about the layout of houses. We have not learned so much about their social organisation.

One of the pioneers of those days was Joseph Rowntree, the Quaker chocolate manufacturer who founded the village of Earswick near York, fifty years ago. I went up there a little while ago to see for myself how far his original ideas have stood up to a half-century of terrific change. He set out to build good houses for working men earning about 25s. a week—at a rent of not more than 4s. to 5s. They were not to be just so many 'brick boxes with slate lids' like the endless rows in the industrial cities. They were to be—and they certainly are today—surrounded by air and space, trees and gardens. But Joseph Rowntree wanted to do more than create a model village: he wanted to plant not only trees but people. He wanted to make a community come to life.

I found that the village is in many ways far less of a community than it was: the people there told me as much. It is linked to the city of York by buses as it was not fifty years ago—and that has had a great influence in itself. Radio and television have all played their part in breaking up the feeling of living in a close village community. In its early days people there made their own entertainment. Today even some of the oldest people have bought television sets—and yet they themselves are the ones who talk with nostalgia about the past when they and their neighbours put on a new play every week or so in the Folk Hall. Earswick is less like Earswick and a good deal more like almost anywhere than it was twenty or thirty years ago, and so there is a lessening of that sense of its being a place to belong to, a place with an identity all of its own.

This brings one up against the hard fact: can community feeling be preserved when transport, the radio, when really everything that belongs to the contemporary world is breaking down boundaries all the time? In the jet and atom age we all belong to the world whether we like it or not. Even the people who answer advertisements for lighthouse keepers cannot get away from it altogether. The trouble is, the world is too big. It is too big a place for anyone to feel at home in. The older people in New Earswick bought their way into the modern world, you might say, when they purchased television sets. And yet they are not happy about it. They do not altogether like losing their old, smaller, and cosier world. One has somehow got to put up with this contradiction in the modern world.

There is another much deeper contradiction we have to put up with; and that is that we want our children to get the best possible training,

and yet just because they get it we are liable to lose touch with them when they are grown up. Earswick is a perfect example of this. Their primary school is—rightly—the pride of the village. It was built as long ago as 1911 and yet the classrooms have glass walls which slide back on to the garden. No class has ever had more than thirty children in it, because the Trust has paid for the extra teachers. On top of that it used to offer the children generous scholarships to the grammar school. But York itself has so few kinds of employment that most of the young people who went through the grammar school had to leave home in order to get the jobs for which they were trained. You can look at the records of the primary school and see how New Earswick has spread: one boy an electrical engineer in Birmingham; another an insurance manager in London; another a post office engineer in Rhodesia; another a draughtsman in Canada. The result is that the parents whose children have left home are still in New Earswick but half their hearts are elsewhere. One old lady talked to me for nearly



Chestnut Grove, New Earswick, in 1909; and (right) the New Earswick Primary School today

half an hour—not about New Earswick, but about her son in Christchurch, New Zealand.

I have been arguing so far that better transport, better entertainment and better schools have all been weakening the sense of community in Earswick just as they have almost anywhere else in Britain. But, despite all this, Earswick is not just like anywhere else. The sense of community does still exist there, and what I did when I visited it was to use it as a sort of test case to see what there was there which kept this sense alive. First, there is length of residence. Many people have lived there long enough to put down roots. They have not had to change their friends or their grocer and milkman every few years or so. The young women were at school together, the young men played for the same football team; the older people share the memories of half a lifetime. In other words, the village has lasted long enough to give people a rooted feeling. Next, Earswick has a character of its own. It is distinguishable from its surroundings. You know, when you approach it, that you have left York behind and are coming to a new place. The way the trees are planted, the way in which the houses are built, gives it an individual character. It is a place you can belong to because it is different from other places.

Another thing which contributes to the community feeling there and so helped me to define what community means, is the fact that the people share a common history—they share traditions belonging to the place. This is, I think, enormously important. I realised what it meant, for instance, when not one but about six people told me how, long ago, old Sam Davis, the chemist, started the first bus. Their faces lighted up as they recalled the 'Yellow Peril', as they called it. This shared tradition, the shared knowledge of old experiences, or old stories of experiences handed down, is one of the intangible things which make people feel they belong somewhere.

This sense of history is not something, you would think, that can be artificially created. Then how can it arise at all in a deliberately established 'model village'? Here is something that can be learnt from Earswick and from the wisdom of Joseph Rowntree. Consciously or

unconsciously he knew that people must be allowed to make their own history and create their own community, and he showed his wisdom by not doing everything for them—by allowing room for growth and for the free exertion of the people. He did not, for instance, set up a village council. He waited for the people to do it themselves. He did not hire a drama organiser. Instead, the wife of a local farmer—she is still living there—started the dramatic society and produced the plays. What Rowntree did was to provide the opportunity: the place was not over-endowed with institutions and the people had to make their own. They have made their own history and their own community.

Today I think myself that Rowntree's experiment has succeeded and—more important—it has worked as a kind of laboratory for town planners to learn something about the sources of community feeling. As I saw New Earswick, the people still have a sense of community because they have lived there many years, because the village has a character of its own, and because they have made their own history.

Now I come to my last point. If you have lived a long time in the one place and your children have also settled there you have a double bond: the bond with your children is also a bond with the place. You are not like the old lady who is half in New Earswick and half in New Zealand. Splitting up the generations is going on all the time, and it is something that cannot be altogether avoided. But we can do something about it. It comes down partly to the practical question of who you let the houses to. What I found was that the Village Trust was doing what local authorities do in other parts of the country. Right through Britain the children of tenants on housing estates are being forced to move away from their homes when they marry. So they are separated from their families, their friends, and associations.

In Earswick many of the children have had to leave because of their jobs, but others do remain and plenty of them would like to stay in the



village. They are not given much encouragement. For instance, if on the waiting list there is a couple in York living in one room, they are given preference over a married couple in New Earswick sharing with their in-laws. In my view this is short-sighted. There are other needs to be considered—the parents' needs, for one thing. Many of the people in New Earswick came to the estate as newly married couples after the first war. In another ten or twenty years many of them will be in need of care. Who is going to give it? The state? The Rowntree Trust? Or the children? Already the Trust, in partnership with the local welfare authority, has an old people's home. It is a splendid place, but it has a staff of two or three to look after seven old people. Is the Trust ready to build three, four, five more of these homes in the next twenty years?

Surely, if New Earswick wants to keep its sense of community—and I know it does—it would be better to give preference to the children who do have local jobs. Then, as they grow older, their parents will have them and the grandchildren around them and, what is more, they will not need to depend entirely on the Trust or the state. It is not just a question of money: there is something at stake much bigger than that. For old people—or anyone else, for that matter—the worst thing is loneliness. By housing today's children the Trust would be preventing tomorrow's loneliness. And they would be helping to keep alive the community spirit so dear to Joseph Rowntree.—*Home Service*

Should the Gambling Laws Be Changed?

By A BARRISTER

THERE are plenty of people who think that the gambling laws of this country ought to be changed. But they are not by any means all agreed as to the form which the changes ought to take. There is one point, however, on which most people would agree, and that is that the laws in their present state are pretty difficult to understand and to interpret. Indeed, when he gave evidence about gaming before the last Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries and Gaming no less a person than the Chief Magistrate of London declared that it was almost impossible for the ordinary man to know what the law on the subject is.

Haphazard Development

One of the main reasons for this obscurity is that this branch of our law has grown up slowly and rather haphazardly over hundreds of years and, as a result, we now have a tangled heap of enactments and court decisions, out of which it is by no means easy to draw the answer to any particular question. In order to arrive at any sort of understanding of the present position, it is necessary, first of all, to go back into the past.

Naturally enough, since people mostly bet on sports and games, the laws of betting are closely connected with laws that have been made about sports and games themselves. At Common Law—that is to say by the old law that was based on the customs of the people and the decisions of the judges—all games, except perhaps cock-fighting, were lawful. But, as long ago as 1541, in the reign of Henry VIII, an Unlawful Games Act was passed at the instance of 'the bowyers, fletchers, stringers and arrowhede makers' of the realm, who declared that 'many subtille inventative and crafty persons' had recently discovered a number of new games as a result of which their own trade had declined and, they said, 'archery is sore decay'd'. The main effect of this Act, which has never been completely repealed, was to stop people keeping houses for unlawful games and pastimes. Here the chief object was not to stop gambling or anything of that sort, but to stimulate interest in archery which was important for national defence.

I said that by Common Law all games were regarded as lawful except possibly cock-fighting. All games of mere skill are lawful now, except when they are played under special conditions which I will mention later. But, gradually, various other games have, by reason of Acts of Parliament, become unlawful. For instance, most lotteries are unlawful. So are some particular card-games; but since they are ones which have nowadays gone out of fashion, we need not worry about them too much. Similarly, roulette is illegal and—this may surprise you—so are most games with dice, strictly speaking. These games that have been specifically made unlawful by Act of Parliament are unlawful wherever they are played—whether it is for money or just for fun, and whether it is at home or in public. It is also probably true to say that all games in which there is some element of chance—such as progressive whist or poker—are unlawful as well, but only in the sense that you can be punished for playing them if you do so in a place kept for the purpose. From this point of view the same applies to games which are nearly all chance, like housey-housey, for instance. They are unlawful if played in a place kept for the purpose.

So far I have considered only the legality or otherwise of merely playing these various games. When you start playing them for money all sorts of further complications arise. The law calls this activity—playing games for money—gaming. In itself, gaming is not an offence. So if you have a shilling on, say, the result of a game of golf, you are not doing anything wrong. But gaming becomes an offence if it is done under certain conditions laid down by Act of Parliament. It is an offence, for instance, if it is done in what is called a common gaming house. This merely means a place in which a large number of persons are invited regularly to congregate for the purpose of gaming. So if a large number of people were habitually invited—shall we say to a village hall—for the purpose of playing snakes and ladders for sixpenny stakes, even the village hall might well count as a 'common gaming house'.

So much for gaming and gaming houses. You can see it is a pretty complicated topic. I must now move on to betting. Betting, once again, is not unlawful in itself. But the law has created a number of special offences connected with betting, and it has also placed a ban on what are called betting houses. For instance, anyone betting in a public place 'at or with any table or instrument of gaming or any coin, card, token or other article' at any game or pretended game of chance is punishable as rogue and vagabond, or by a fine. And just as there are common gaming houses so there are, in the eyes of the law, 'betting houses'. The expression 'betting house' means a house, office, room, or other place opened, kept, or used for the purpose of betting with people who go there. It is an offence to open such a place and also another separate offence to receive deposits there for betting purposes. The result of all these enactments is that though betting is legal in itself, the ways in which you are allowed to practise it are strictly limited. In fact, apart from betting on racecourses and private bets between individuals, the only legal form of betting is that done on credit terms by someone who gets in touch with the bookmaker by post, telephone, or wire and does not go to his premises at all. It must, at present, be on credit terms, because otherwise the place to which you took or sent your stake money might become a place kept for receiving deposits on bets. That would mean it was a betting house and the people who ran it could get into trouble. That is why betting shops are not possible here. Ready-money betting by post, however, will be made legal, for the purpose of pool betting only, by a new Act which begins next January.

That is a brief sketch of the law on gaming and betting and the offences connected with them. Now I come to the branch of this particular type of law that gives more trouble than any other: the vexed question of lotteries. It is easy enough to state the general rule about lotteries. With two main exceptions, lotteries are unlawful. But the real trouble begins when you have to describe just what a lottery is. The most usual definition is 'a scheme for distributing prizes by lot or chance.' A raffle is a typical lottery. You buy a ticket which gives you a chance of winning, say, a tea-set as the prize. All the tickets go into a hat, and someone pulls one of them out. If your ticket happens to come out you get the tea-set. To give a less obvious example, where an organisation ran a competition in which the competitors had to place the roles played by a well-known actress in order of their popularity, that competition was held to be a lottery. There was no skill in it: it was just a matter of getting, by pure chance, the different roles in the proper order as shown by the general vote of the majority. On the other hand, where there was a competition to give the number of births and deaths that would occur in London in a certain week, the court decided it was not a lottery, because there was some element of skill entered into the estimate.

Lotteries for Charities

It is this rule that lotteries are illegal that frequently gives rise to the cases you often hear of nowadays where people are raising money for charity and find they have to drop some scheme because it is a lottery and so does not comply with the law. You sometimes hear it said that the police have banned such-and-such a scheme. In fact, they do not and cannot 'ban' any schemes: all they can do is warn the organisers that they consider that the scheme infringes the law. If the organisers then persist with it they may find they get into trouble. But if they do not think the police are right (and they are not necessarily always right) they are entitled to go on with their plan and have its legality tested in a court of law.

There are two main exceptions to the general rule that lotteries are unlawful. By the Betting and Lotteries Act 1934, small lotteries incidental to such things as bazaars, sales of work, fetes, and so on, are allowed, as long as certain rules are complied with. The proceeds must all be devoted to a purpose other than private gain for instance, and the prizes must not be money prizes. As long as you keep to these rules—no private gain, no money prizes, and so on—it is legal to raffle, say, a fruit cake at the bazaar you are running in aid of a local charity.

Then you can safely have a private lottery, which means one in which the sale of tickets is confined to members of some particular society or to people who all work, say, in the same factory. Here, again, there are a number of rules to be observed if you are to keep inside the law. One is that you must sell tickets only to members of the group who are getting up the lottery. You also must not send them through the post.

Those are the two main exceptions: a small lottery run as part of some other entertainment, and a private lottery. You can see how easily a money-raising scheme which does not fall within one of these two exceptions can count as a lottery, and so be illegal. It does not matter what you call it—raffle, draw, sweepstake, tombola. The fact is that if, when a court looks into the matter, it finds that what you have organised is a scheme for the distribution of prizes entirely by lot or chance, it may hold it to be a lottery—and you will find you have broken the law unless you come within one of the exceptions.

The Royal Commission that deliberated in 1949-1951 on this topic made a number of recommendations. One of the most important was its recommendation that the law relating to betting, gaming and lotteries should all be included—as far as possible—in one new Act of Parliament. This would mean sweeping away a whole number of

tangled old Acts—and I think it would be a most valuable thing. The Royal Commission also thought that it ought to be made legal to place bets at 'licensed betting offices'. In effect, they thought that at present a good deal of illegal off-the-course betting goes on in one way and another and cannot be prevented: it ought to be regularised by the setting up of licensed betting offices or shops under proper control. That, then, is one biggish change in the present situation which we may one day live to see, if the Royal Commission's recommendations are ever carried out.

While not everyone agrees that these particular changes should be made, nearly everyone feels that there ought to be some changes. The present law is not and cannot be properly enforced. It is impossible to detect and prosecute, even if anyone wanted to do so, all the people who, usually unwittingly, transgress the present tangled set of legal rules on the subject. So, as we all know, plenty of people do organise money-raising schemes which are legally dubious, and get away with it. A good many people feel that to have a law which is often disregarded in this way is not a good thing. Nor is it a good thing to have a law which ordinary men and women—to say nothing of lawyers—cannot understand and cannot therefore be expected to keep.

—Home Service

The Shape of Wings to Come—II

Helicopters of the Future

By RAOUL HAFNER

THE Englishman's love of horses is legendary, and it used to be said among journalists that any picture of a horse was sure of success. I cannot help wondering if, in this field as in many others, the horse is not now in danger of being replaced by the helicopter.

Over the past few years, helicopters seem to have been more photographed than any film star. We have seen pictures of them waltzing in fantastic aerial ballet and even doing tricks disguised as circus elephants. On more serious occasions, too, the helicopter's unique flying abilities constantly make it news. It can put a man down safely on a lighthouse cut off by stormy seas, lay cables across deep, wooded valleys, spray mountain forests with insecticide, pluck a man from drowning. It can do a hundred and one things no other vehicle could even attempt. But that should not obscure the fact that the helicopter is, basically, a transport vehicle.

The jobs I have mentioned are all specialised tasks, with which few of us are likely to come into contact. If the helicopter is going to be of real importance to our way of life, it will not be as a specialised aircraft on specialised jobs, but as a transport vehicle engaged upon the unexciting routine of taking ourselves and our goods from one town to another. Important though the helicopter may be in other fields, it is as a simple transport vehicle that it has most to offer.

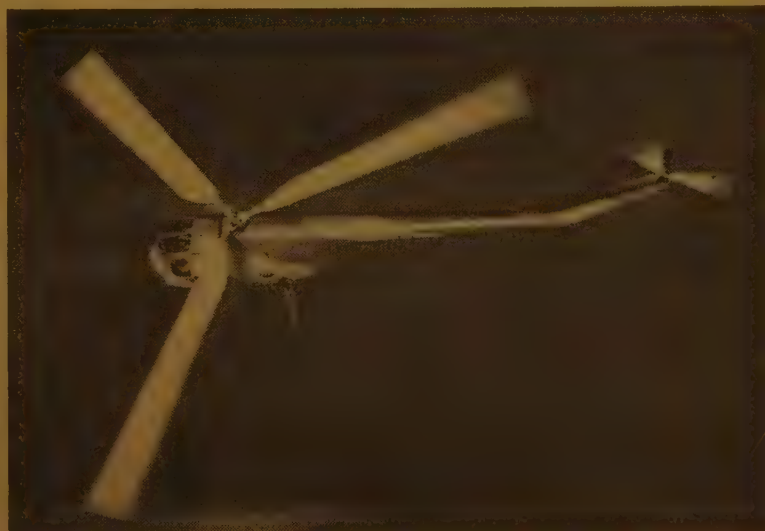
That may sound a rather sweeping statement. After all, no one has yet built a helicopter capable of carrying large enough loads to make economic passenger services possible. The machines we have today are also a good deal slower than orthodox aeroplanes and a good deal more expensive to run than motor-cars. It is obvious, therefore, that the helicopter must have some pretty definite advantages to offer to justify the confidence placed in it. Perhaps a look at the general transport background will help to show what they are.

Our oldest transport vehicle is, I suppose, the boat. It is a good load-carrier, but slow. Moreover, it needs expensive port facilities and can reach only a relatively limited portion of the earth's surface. The same need for expensive terminal facilities also afflicts the aeroplane and the railway train. The aeroplane is much faster than the boat and is more flexible in terms of routes, but it does not have the same carrying capacity. Boat, aeroplane and—to a lesser degree—railway train are all handicapped by the irritating waste of time involved in getting to and from the points of departure and arrival. Over long journeys, of course, the delays are comparatively unimportant. Over shorter journeys, however, the time loss is often ridiculously large. For instance, it takes almost as long to get from the middle of London to London Airport as it takes to fly the whole of the 225 miles between London and Paris. Only one form of transport—road transport—offers



The Fairey Gyrodyne, a four-seater helicopter powered by an Alvis Leonides engine in the fuselage: it is used for experimental purposes

Right: the 'Bristol' Sycamore (Type 171) which is in production for the British Armed Services: it is powered by an Alvis Leonides radial engine



a genuine door-to-door service. But, vehicle for vehicle, it is a poor load-carrier and its overall speed is not high. In open country it may be as much as forty miles per hour, but in built-up areas it drops to about ten miles per hour.

The helicopter, like the motor-coach and the lorry, does not need elaborate terminal facilities. It can, if necessary, operate from a town square or any open space about the size of a tennis court. Some military helicopters are already operating what are virtually door-to-door services, but things would obviously become chaotic if we tried to run a public transport service in this way. For that, we shall have to accept some small terminal time-loss and have helicopter stations in our towns. They need not be big or expensive, however, and the speed of the helicopter will be high enough to compensate for the slight delays. Given facilities of this sort in the major towns, helicopters would offer a faster transport service than anything we possess today.

Safety as well as Speed

But speed is not the only consideration. It is no use going somewhere fast if you cannot also go safely. There is a natural element of danger in all forms of travel, but the dangers to which the sea and air traveller is exposed are different from those to which rail and road transport are subject. The biggest danger in road and rail transport, which is restricted to fixed routes bearing high density traffic, is the relatively high risk of collision. Ships and aeroplanes, on the other hand, have so wide a space in which to travel that the danger of collision is small. Their handicap is that, in the event of mechanical breakdown, they cannot make an emergency stop; they must reach port before they reach safety. But the helicopter is in a position by itself. Even though it enjoys the freedom of the air, it never ventures as deeply into the element as the ordinary aeroplane does. Its best cruising height is between 200 and 500 feet above-ground. If there is trouble, it can lose this height safely within a minute. You might say that it is like a beginner learning to swim; he stays in shallow water so that, if he runs into trouble, he can put his feet on the ground. It seems to be commonly thought that if a helicopter has a power failure it just drops like a stone and crashes. This is certainly not the case. In the event of an engine failure the pilot can glide his helicopter to earth like a fixed-wing aircraft, or he can still make a vertical descent in safety. All the same, an engine failure would be dangerous in built-up areas and this is the reason why helicopters which operate from town centres are meant to have more than one power unit.

It would be misleading, however, to talk as though there were only one type of helicopter in prospect. There are in fact three distinct basic types, each of which will probably find its own sphere of application. The first is the classic helicopter, the type we know today. This relies for support in the air and for propulsion entirely on its rotors. These rotate horizontally when the machine hovers and are tilted slightly in the appropriate way to move it in the required direction. All control is, in fact, carried out through the rotors. Then there is the so-called compound helicopter. This is rather a hybrid. In addition to rotors, it employs other aerodynamic devices, such as fixed wings, to give the necessary support and propulsion in flight. The auxiliary wings do not help in hovering, but in forward flight they give a useful measure of lift. The faster you go, the more lift you get from them. At high speeds a substantial proportion of the weight of the machine is carried by the wings. Because of the improved efficiency in forward flight made possible by combining rotors with wings, the cruising speed is raised considerably. Finally, there is what is known as the convertible helicopter. This is, in effect, an attempt to combine the virtues of the helicopter with those of an orthodox aeroplane. Like the compound helicopter, it employs both rotors and fixed wings, but is capable of conversion in flight so that the wings take over from the rotors the job of supplying total lift. Broadly speaking, it is a helicopter during take-off and landing and an orthodox aeroplane when cruising.

There are many possible forms of convertible helicopter and many methods of conversion. But you can get some idea of one typical form if you imagine an ordinary monoplane aircraft, with wings slightly smaller than the average aeroplane wings and with engines driving very big propellers set well out towards the wing tips. Imagine this flying, and you have a picture of a convertible helicopter in cruising flight. When it comes in to land, conversion takes place. The speed is slowly reduced and, at the same time, the machine begins to swing gently into a vertical position. At the moment that forward speed drops to zero, the machine reaches the true vertical, hanging motionless in the air on its big propellers, which now act as weight-carrying rotors. This

type of convertible helicopter alights on a gantry, which is specially constructed to receive the aircraft. A line thrown from the hovering helicopter is made fast on the gantry, and the helicopter is then hauled in, in much the same way as a ship is made fast to a jetty. When the helicopter is secured on the gantry, its rotors are stopped and it is swung horizontally again in order to permit unloading. Passenger-carrying helicopters will need to have their seats mounted in swivel bearings, so that the passengers will at all times remain seated in the normal position. During take-off, the same thing happens in reverse.

No doubt all this sounds rather weird and wonderful. It certainly poses many questions from the engineering point of view, and you will not be surprised to hear that convertible helicopters are in only a very early design stage as yet. There will have to be a great deal of development work before they become really practical propositions. But, in the meantime, we have the two older types—classic and compound helicopters—with which to explore the ground. Machines of both these species have been built and flown successfully. They range from single-seaters to aircraft capable of taking a dozen passengers. They are powered mainly by orthodox piston engines. However, the considerable advantages of the gas turbine in the helicopter, such as the gentle fluid drive, the possibility of varying the speed ratio between the engine and the rotor in order to obtain the best performance, the reduced noise level and the low weight, have already been recognised, and we are therefore looking forward to the turbine-driven helicopter. Cruising speeds are at present about 100 m.p.h. and the cost of operation is about 1s. 6d. per passenger-mile. Obviously, fares on such helicopters would be considerably higher than for other forms of transport but, as bigger helicopters now on the drawing board come along, the costs should be substantially reduced. Even so, fares will remain higher than for surface transport.

Nevertheless, this extra cost will be more than outweighed by the advantages helicopters will have to offer. And when we do get convertible helicopters into service, I think we shall find that they will be faster and more economical than any other form of air transport for all journeys of between 200 and 500 miles. Above that limit, I believe we shall be content to let the fixed-wing aeroplane have the field to itself.—*Home Service*

The Times Literary Supplement for September 17 provides a special number of unprecedented size and scope devoted to 'American Writing Today'. The object, admirably and generously fulfilled in this 120-page edition, is to pay tribute to the independence and vitality of literary activity in the United States. This important number, which costs only sixpence, contains fifty articles which deal with almost every aspect of contemporary writing and book production in America, a short anthology of unpublished poems by the leading American poets, and contemporary criticisms of some of the chief American books of the last fifty years from back numbers of the *Literary Supplement*. There are also introductory articles written by Edith Sitwell and W. H. Auden.

Good Friday

Spring's stillness now and prayer is around us,

Gnats float on the tideless air;

Cherry-trees wear white flowers, all for

The marriage of the entering year.

But what of my soul's saving, my heart's Easter,

Shall there be music, shall the month bloom there?

He who was my April, he has left me—

I had grown fresh in him and now he is gone:

Taking the sun and sweetness of the time

He has broken my promise of spring and my heart that he won:

No more dreams of holiday, no victories on the horizon,

My spring is spoilt, my garden uprooted, my flowers a stone.

Will it be fine tomorrow for love's Easter,

The festival and union of ambitious hearts?

I shall not care for the morning, I am tired

Of my dark pretence, my hours, my unreal part

In salutations to the affectionate season.

Flowers may bless the contented, but in my heart

The garden withers, no bud opens, no fruits start.

K. W. GRANSDEN

The Grossmiths and 'Mr. Pooter'

By PHILIP CARR

SO *The Diary of a Nobody* has at last found its way to the stage. That it has taken so long to do so may seem surprising; for the two brothers who wrote the book were both actors, and one of them, Weedon Grossmith, was afterwards the author of a very successful farce called 'The Night of the Party'. This was about a

manservant who entertained his friends in his master's house when he was left alone there. But, whatever may have been the reason, neither of the two brothers, neither George nor Weedon, ever tried to make a play out of a book which is now recognised as a comic masterpiece. When they wrote it, in 1892, they carelessly turned it out as a series of sketches for *Punch*, which were even published in that paper without any illustrations and without any author's name. This monumentally humorous and affectionate exposure of lower-middle-class snobbery is now regarded as a period piece. But have we really changed? Can we now laugh freely at it all, because our withers are unwrung? Can we really look down on the Pooter family without the uneasy feeling that but for the Grace of God, there go we? Today's lower-middle class may live in smarter little gabled houses than 'The Laurels', the rather mouldering home of the Pooters, with its stucco-columned porch. Their residences today may be in more elegant suburbs than Holloway. But in those more elegant suburbs, and even on higher social levels, snobbery still flourishes, and if it is less common to find Pooter's pathetic and painful insistence that he is a gentleman, there is still the awful dread of not being recognised as being one.

What gives a special quality to the *Diary* is that it is obviously written from the inside. When the collected articles were published as a book, and the delicious illustrations, by Weedon Grossmith himself, were added, the one representing 'The Laurels' was drawn from the house which the elder brother, George Grossmith, and his wife occupied when they were first married. It is true that when the book was written the George Grossmiths had become prosperous and had moved into a much larger residence in the more fashionable, but still not very fashionable, Dorset Square. I remember the latter house well, as my parents lived round the corner, and my sister and I used to play in the Dorset Square garden with the Grossmith children. The eldest of these, George, was later described as George Grossmith junior when he went on the stage, to distinguish him from his father, the agile little comedian who for many years played the lighter comic

parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, while Rutland Barrington played the more ponderous ones. But when the elder George Grossmith retired, and the younger became the tall, smart man-about-town of the musical comedies at the Gaiety, he dropped the 'junior', and it is simply as George Grossmith that most playgoers will now remember

him. I was personally grateful to him for his excellent performance, at the Garrick in 1900, of the title part in the children's play 'Shock-headed Peter', which I wrote with Nigel Playfair. The same part was taken the following Christmas by young George's younger brother, Lawrence.

I was saying that Weedon Grossmith drew his illustration of 'The Laurels' from that house which he knew; and my old friend, Tom Heslewood, actor and historical costume designer, can remember going with him to the house itself to make the sketch of it. He can also remember looking, with him, into many photographers' windows, and eventually finding—and buying—the portrait of a child of sufficiently unpleasant appearance to be transferred into the book as Master Percy Edgar Smith

James. Indeed, many of the illustrations were drawn from real people. Having known the younger George, I should have thought that he must surely have been the model for the 'card', Lupin, Pooter's son, but Weedon Grossmith used to tell people that Lupin was himself. As for Pooter, the 'Nobody' of the book, he is too immense a figure to have been taken from any one person, though the name had its origin in the fact that Mrs. George Grossmith had a habit of referring to that sort of man as a pooter.

You may think I have been taking it for granted that Weedon Grossmith and not George was the real author of the book. Of course, it is always impossible to apportion the relative credit in a collaboration; but it is true that, having known the two men pretty well, I am inclined to attribute to Weedon that simple, human quality which makes those absurd people so lovable and the book itself unique. For it is unique among several of the same kind and the same period. Barry Pain's *Eliza* books are admirable, but they are not quite as real. Anstey's dialogues are as good social criticism of a slightly more pretentious society, but they have no tenderness. Weedon Grossmith, by the way, shared with Charles Hawtrey the acting honours in one of Anstey's plays, 'The Man from Blankley's', the comedy about a peer who is mistaken for the extra guest hired to make up fourteen at a dinner party. Someone, in congratulating him on his performance,



George and (right) Weedon Grossmith

Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection



'The Laurels', drawn by Weedon Grossmith for *The Diary of a Nobody*

By courtesy of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.

said 'But I always think that Anstey's best book is *The Diary of a Nobody*'. Weedon hardly dared correct him.

What convinces me that George is less responsible than Weedon for what is best in the *Diary* is that he was really not so much of an artist as his brother. I do not merely mean by this that Weedon was a painter before he became an actor, though it is true. He had studied painting at the Royal Academy schools, and he had had a number of portraits hung at the Academy and had already reached the age of thirty-two when hard times made him join a theatrical tour which was going to America. He had previously rejected an offer from D'Oyly Carte, who had seen him in an amateur performance. This offer was to enter the Savoy company, of which his brother George had been established for some years as a leading member. Of his portrait-painting days he used to tell the story that a rich man, whose wife he had painted, came to him a year later and asked him to make an alteration, as that form of hair-dressing had gone out of fashion. He consented, but when a second request of the same kind was made to him by the same man a year later, he struck.

When he reached the United States to become an actor, he and Brandon Thomas, who was afterwards to be the author of 'Charley's Aunt', made the greatest successes of their stage careers as the two aristocratic amateurs in 'The Pantomime Rehearsal', which was first produced there before coming to London six years later. Weedon used to claim that in this play, or skit, he had established his portrait of the small, moustachioed and dark-haired young plutocrat, with a large diamond solitaire in his shirt front, as the recognised stage figure of the foolish and fashionable 'dude', and that it was the true successor of Sothorn's tall, fair-haired, and long-whiskered Lord Dundreary, the 'masher' of an earlier generation. But before 'The Pantomime Rehearsal' came to London, Weedon had to make his first appearance on the stage there. This was as Jacques Strop to Henry Irving's Robert Macaire, and it was after the first performance of this revival that Irving asked him, 'But what were you doing at the back that made them laugh so much?' 'Nothing', answered Weedon. 'All right, me boy, do it again', said Irving. No doubt it was true that he was doing nothing; for his face in repose had such a plaintively comic expression that it was irresistible. But he could be pathetic as well as comic, and he proved it by his touching performance as the madman who thought he was Napoleon in a play called 'The Misleading Lady'.

George Grossmith was an actor of a quite different sort. Indeed, he was hardly a real actor at all, but almost a clown, as he was in his many comic parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. He was also essentially an entertainer. It was in giving solo entertainments at a



Weedon Grossmith's drawing of Lupin in *The Diary of a Nobody*

piano—which he did before and after his Savoy successes—that he was at his best. Charles Brookfield, who loved making fun of him, was once finishing a hurried dinner at the Beefsteak before going on to the theatre to act. 'Oh, I have given up all that', said Grossmith who had just come into the club. 'I put on my evening clothes, dine comfortably at a reasonable hour, and go on to give my own show'. Brookfield's retort came pat. 'But my dear George, we don't all of us look so funny in our evening clothes'. Perhaps George might have grown into a real actor, if he had not spent all those years under the dictatorial rule of W. S. Gilbert, who worked out every word and movement of his plays with puppets, and would brook no variation from his orders. Gilbert was quarrelsome, too, as a man once found who went down to see him in the country on business. 'I will not stay another moment in your house', said the man, 'how do the trains go from here?' Gilbert replied, 'Puff, puff, puff'.

If George Grossmith was not a fine actor, he was certainly a capital entertainer; and you may care to try to picture the scene in which Queen Victoria made him repeat his song, 'See me dance the polka', when he performed before her at Windsor. He also had a great sense of a certain kind of fun in his private life, as I remember from going to a children's party at his house. We were given programmes, on the back of which were printed certain rules:

(1) Guests are requested to deal gently with the supper. It is taken out on contract, and what is not eaten can be returned. (2) Boy guests are recommended to dance with the Misses Grossmith if they want to be invited again next year.

The authors of *The Diary of a Nobody* had a certain family tradition of the theatre. Two of their uncles had been boy actors in the third decade of the nineteenth century—one being described at the time as 'the celebrated infant Roscius'. This was no doubt in imitation of the much better known Master Betty, whose amazing but short-lived success had been made twenty years earlier. The other Grossmith boy actor afterwards became a missionary. As for the third brother—the father of George and Weedon—he spent his days as chief reporter for *The Times* at Bow Street police court, where his son George succeeded him for a few years. But he filled up his evenings by giving an entertainment of burlesque lectures. Clement Scott, the flamboyant dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* and the original of Bernard Shaw's Flawner Bannal in 'Fanny's First Play', said that, in his boyhood, he had applauded the elder Grossmith in these lectures, and that he was a funny little man, just like Mr. Pickwick. But it is not as performers that any of the Grossmiths will be longest remembered. That two of them wrote *The Diary of a Nobody* will be enough for their fame.

—Home Service

A Film Director and His Public

By ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK

A FILM Director and His Public': the title is flattering. His public. It suggests that a man in my job has a public all his own, like a film star. It is not true, I am afraid: though it is nice to imagine that a section of the public is interested, not only in the personalities they see on the screen, but in the others, who dreamed up the story, invented the characters, and put it all on to celluloid.

As I understand it, later in this series of talks you will hear from a novelist, a painter, a poet, a sculptor, and a composer.* I am honoured that somebody has seen fit to consider a film director as one of this company. This is the kind of compliment we do not often get paid. These authors and artists share one privilege that a film-maker does not have. They work as individuals. They take paper and ink, canvas and paint, they go off on their own, and when they come back with what they have done they can say 'This is mine, my own unaided work'.

It is not so in films. Whether he likes it or not (and as a rule he does not like it much) the man who wants to express himself on celluloid is part of a group. If individual and personal self-expression is what he

wants, he's in the wrong business. Even in the early stages of writing a film script this still applies. The film author is one of a team. Usually he works under supervision of a producer, frequently in close collaboration with the director. To the ordinary cinema-goer, who is not very clear about the difference between a director and producer, this is confusing. How do you know who is responsible for what? It is not made easier by the fact that the directors whose names are known to the public, Huston and Hitchcock, David Lean and Carol Reed, often complicate matters by acting as producer and director, as well as having a hand in writing the script.

Some people say you will never get really fine films until it is a one-man show. Chaplin did it, they say; and he is the best. He produces, writes, directs, acts, and composes the music. Jean Cocteau, the French director, also gets pretty near to it. So does Orson Welles. And the films that these men make have the clear stamp of a single personality. But, apart from being possessors of outstanding abilities, these men are exceptional in another sense. They do not really work within the framework of the film industry. They are the rogue elephants. They have refused to accept the herd. Obviously you can much more easily make

* This is the first of a group of talks in which artists and authors will consider their relationship with the people to whom their work is offered

out the case for including such men under the general heading of 'artists and authors'. I am not sure it is so easy for someone like, say, myself. Indeed, if you believe in complete freedom of self-expression for the artist, art for art's sake, uncontaminated by the pressure of the vulgar and material world, there is not much hope for me or for most of my colleagues.

Child of a Standardised World

Compared with literature, the theatre, painting, and music, the cinema is an infant. It is a child, moreover, of a new industrialised, centralised, standardised world. It was born in an era when the dignity of the individual was challenged by the materialist philosophies which think of man as a creature conditioned by his environment, a social animal. The other arts have been fighting against these concepts. The cinema, an illegitimate child, sold its birthright at the earliest opportunity and has not much chance of recovering it now.

Apart from the fact that film people are usually required to write as members of groups, never to work as individuals, what are the other differences? There is one that can be put quite simply in one word. Money. When the novelist brings his typescript to a publisher or the painter his canvas to the gallery, its value to the expert can be easily gauged. Not so with a film script. The team of producer, writer, and director may be certain that the script is a masterpiece, but others will find it hard to judge. This is only a plan, a scheme, a rough for the finished work. The best writers of film dialogue will warn you that it does not look nearly so effective on the page as the equivalent theatrical dialogue. In fact, the better the dialogue the less impressive it may look, because, wisely, it leaves a great deal more to be expressed through the power of the camera and the performance of the actor.

Before a film producer is certain of what he has got, he has to invest the entire cost of its production. And this can be a small item of a couple of hundred thousand pounds. This money he has to borrow. He gets it, if he is lucky, from several sources, from hard-headed business types who lend it with great caution; exhibitors who want to keep the cinemas open; distributors who need a steady flow of the kind of entertainment that will drag folk away from their television sets; bankers in charge of government funds and answerable for them in parliament and the national press. Consider the risk that they take. No business man likes to lend hard cash without some solid security in return, some collateral, something he can hold in his hand. What guarantee have the film backers got? Not much. They put a good deal of faith in a producer's reputation. They feel happier lending money to someone who has already proved that he can turn out money-making films.

The producer is in a strange, contradictory position. On the one hand he is an impresario, exerting a firm, fatherly authority over temperamental writers and directors. At the same time he is also an industrialist. While with his left hand he controls the talent, with his right he runs the business, a factory which employs several hundred technicians.

Considered purely as a manufacturing process, film studios are as complex, as efficient and highly organised, as the most modern of industrial plant, operating throughout a score of interlocking departments all extremely technical. And what does the factory make? What comes out at the other end? Some round tin cans. Inside—a product that is strangely intangible: a story; a thing of moods, laughter, and emotion, snatches of voice and music and the impact of personalities.

This whole elaborate industrial plant is a piece of machinery and it cannot turn over until one or two appointed people have fed into it the most tenuous raw material in existence—a creative idea. I have used that word 'creative' with some misgiving. I have referred to art and self-expression. The surest way to cause embarrassment among people who actually work in film studios is to use these words. They sound slightly indecent. This is not humility on our part. It is tact. When we know that someone is risking vast sums of money we think it is bad manners to brandish our artistic temperaments. It makes the business men nervous. And since the money we are gambling is mostly theirs, the least we can do is to act as if we were reliable and responsible characters: not artists but craftsmen, highly paid craftsmen who can be guaranteed to turn out goods of standard quality. But secretly we know that this is utter nonsense. There is no security, no certainty, no way of being sure when you are dealing with something as volatile as entertainment, not to mention art. This is what makes the so-called creative type in the film studio feel lonely. He senses that the executives for whom he works and the battalions of expert technicians with whom he must collaborate, not only do not understand but may even privately resent the vagueness, the uncertainty, of these unexplainable

commodities that it is his job to provide—make-believe and imagination.

The danger for writers and directors and those concerned with the ideas on which the industry depends is that they become obsessed by these responsibilities towards the machinery of their craft, mass production methods working for a mass market. Ours is a mass public. The public means to us the audiences of the Saturday night queues, the big circuits. That is where the money is. It is virtually impossible to find backing for a film that is not intended for these audiences.

In recent years there has sprung up in this country and in America a large number of the smaller, specialised cinemas which show foreign films, or revivals, or films so successful that they deserve a longer run than the distributors had planned for. To us this is a tremendously good thing. Even if it is not possible, as yet, to make films that are designed for this kind of showing in the first place, it means that there is a little latitude. Producers can sometimes be bullied into trying something that is a little less usual. We have a margin, even if it is only a narrow margin, for experiment, and a chance to see that we are not stuck in a rut of formulas, a thing that can happen only too easily.

Also, ours is a changing public, with a temporary and topical set of values. Look at the films of the 'thirties and you will find it is more than women's clothes that seem odd and old-fashioned. The manners of the hero and heroine, their ambitions and attitudes, the conventions of the story itself, are unlike the kind we see today. You can argue that this means that the cinema is a superficial and trivial medium. Maybe you are right. But I do not see it that way. This journalistic quality of films is one of the things that fascinates me. Films ought, I say, to bear some relation to the stuff that makes newspaper headlines. By that I do not mean that they have to be documentary, or terribly in earnest. I do not mean they should not be 'escapist'. Oddly enough escapism is a thing most sensitive to changing fashion. Perhaps because, by implication at least, it is very much determined by what you are trying to escape from. The comedies which Tibby Clarke writes at Ealing are surely escapist. They show folk who thumb their noses at authority and convention and drab conformity; they protest against the things which irritate us about our post-war world.

I do not mean, either, that films ought to be full of social comment and propaganda. Propaganda in films is always bad: because when it is good, nobody notices that it is propaganda. Naturally, if you have some point of view about life—and it is a dull kind of man who has not—then it shows in the stories you tell and the way you tell them. Perhaps you saw the film 'High Noon'. Carl Foreman, who wrote the script, tells me that the idea came to him while he had been trying to find some way to make a film about the United Nations. He was thinking about the attitude of people who were ready to make speeches about the need for peace and security but were too selfish and too cowardly to do anything about it as long as they were not personally involved. What came out of this was a very exciting 'western'.

I wonder what would have happened if I had proposed to Sir Michael Balcon an earnest and gripping drama exposing the viciousness of some leaders of a British industry who combined with shop stewards and workers in an attempt to bribe, to morally corrupt, kidnap, and finally try to lynch an idealistic young man who was trying to offer the benefits of science to humanity? It is a rather brutal theme: a slander of left-wing and right-wing behaviour, and pretty insulting to the Liberals too. But we made it; we called it 'The Man in the White Suit'; and because it was a comedy with Alec Guinness nobody objected at all!

The Entertainer Who Pleases Himself

But as I keep on with comedies I get more and more nervous. Wouldn't it be safer to try a nice-simple melodrama? How do I know that what makes me laugh will amuse you? How can I tell? Answer: I cannot. It is no good listening to experts who can give you a careful consumer research report on the age, the class, the income and habits of the average filmgoer. Indeed, I have learned to distrust the people around the studios who talk of how the audience will react—what the public wants. I have noticed that the entertainer who really has 'the common touch' does not use these terms. To him the public is not 'them'. He really does identify himself with his audiences; he feels as they do and goes about pleasing himself. But this ability is no easy trick. Even if you can do it some of the time, if you have done it before, you can always stumble, fall out of step and get lost.

I hope you remember my old friend Basil Radford with as much affection as I do. He was a sweet man, very shy and very nervous of

(continued on page 489)

NEWS DIARY

September 15-21

Wednesday, September 15

Mr. Eden sees M. Mendès-France in Paris during the last stage of the British Foreign Secretary's tour of European capitals

Mr. Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese President, opens the National People's Congress in Peking

South African Government to deport some Communist Party supporters who are not South African born

Thursday, September 16

A joint *communiqué* published after Mr. Eden leaves Paris states that the present situation in Europe calls for rapid action

Mr. Dulles sees Dr. Adenauer in Bonn

Sir Robert Fraser, former Director-General of the Central Office of Information, is appointed Director-General of the Independent Television Authority

Friday, September 17

Mr. Dulles sees Mr. Eden and has luncheon with the Prime Minister

It is announced in Paris that the North Atlantic Council will hold a meeting in Paris in October

President of the Board of Trade gives details of goods which may be exported to the Soviet bloc

Saturday, September 18

Mr. Dulles, on his return to Washington, expresses his hope that a meeting of Foreign Ministers will be held in the near future

Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe discusses European defence

Mau Mau terrorists in Kenya attack a prison camp and release 200 African prisoners

Signor Piccioni, Italian Foreign Minister, resigns to defend his son against allegations arising out of the Montesi scandal

Sunday, September 19

British Government sends out invitations for a nine-Power conference on European defence to be held on September 28

Defence Minister of Laos is assassinated by terrorists

All French wireless and television programmes are cancelled owing to a strike by technical staff

Monday, September 20

M. Mendès-France, speaking at Council of Europe, outlines plan for new European convention

Nine Viet-Namese Ministers are reported to have resigned

Tuesday, September 21

United States agrees to attend London conference on European security

Persian Parliament begins debate on oil agreement

Britain expresses grave concern over frontier incidents between Israel and her neighbours



Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, who flew to London for discussion on European defence with Mr. Eden on September 17, leaving 10 Downing Street after he had lunched with Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden. The previous day Mr. Dulles had had talks with Dr. Adenauer in Bonn



September 17 was the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Arnhem, and over 300 pilgrims from Britain and other countries attended a service in the cemetery at Oosterbeek. The photograph shows Dutch children laying flowers on the graves of men of the First British Airborne Division



The remains of a Roman temple, partly excavated at Walbrook in London, where a new office building on the site is being built. The temple (which cannot be pre-



A mare, 'Histon Beautiful III', which won first prize and Challenge Cup for the best pedigree mare or filly at the British Percheron Horse Society's annual show at Histon, near Cambridge, last week





The ceremony at Gosport, Hampshire, on September 17 after a war memorial (an ornamental wall by the sea) to the men of the Coastal Forces had been unveiled by the widow of Lt.-Commander R. P. Hitchens who was killed in action



Aircraft taking part in the fourteenth annual Battle of Britain fly-past on September 15 seen over the Thames



as (second century A.D.) which has been of London. Constructional work for a shield up so that a complete plan of the can be made for permanent record



A photograph taken last week in the Burlington Arcade, London, where restoration of bomb-damage (the whole northern end was destroyed) has now been completed. Built in 1819 by Lord George Cavendish, it was the first shopping arcade of its kind in England



Left: carrying water-logged corn sheaves to higher ground on a farm near Blackpool last week. Although in the southern and eastern districts of the country the greater part of the harvest has been gathered in, many farmers in the north and midlands are faced with serious loss

A party of French cave explorers descended the Berger cave, near Grenoble, on September 13, and claim to have reached a record depth of 2,485 feet. In this photograph M. Jean Lavigne is seen beside a waterfall in the 'Salle Germaine', at a depth of 2,210 feet

Party Political Broadcast

The Conservative Government's Case

By the Rt. Hon. HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P., Minister of Housing and Local Government

I'LL bet you're saying, 'What! Another political broadcast? What a waste of time! Why can't these wretched politicians leave us alone? Turn it off'. But just hold on a minute or two. Surely the fact that you can say that is a wonderful tribute to the work of the tory government.

Three years ago, and for six years before that, we couldn't avoid politics whether we wanted to or not. Why, you couldn't open a newspaper or switch on a radio without the word 'crisis' hitting you in the face. Remember: the fuel crisis, the convertibility crisis, the devaluation crisis, the balance of payments crisis. And then there were those eternal appeals for austerity. All those targets that were never hit. Everything was controlled. Everything, to use the phrase of the day, was 'in short supply'. Do you remember: the power cuts, the food snoopers, the shopping queues, and then those waiting lists for houses that got longer instead of shorter?

Some of our troubles came from the war, I admit that, but most of them were avoidable—and ought to have been avoided. Prices were continually rising, and by very large amounts. Why, in six years the pound lost almost 6s. of its value. And what did this continuous inflation at home mean? It meant that what we could sell abroad wasn't enough to pay for what we had to buy from abroad. So we had to use our gold and dollar reserves to keep going at all. The truth is that in 1951, during the last months of socialist government, we were heading straight for a crash.

Faced with this really desperate situation, what did the socialists do? They could only think of one thing to do: have a general election. Well, it didn't work out too badly. By a narrow margin, they were out and we were in.

At first, it was hard going. In fact, during most of the first year it was touch and go. Then, slowly but surely, the recovery got under way. Foreigners began to regain confidence in the pound sterling. Bit by bit, as internal inflation was reduced, the balance of payments was restored. Gold and dollars began to flow into London instead of flowing out. Since the spring of 1952 our reserves have very nearly doubled. That's the real measure of Mr. Butler's triumph.

As our position has improved—through hard work and good sense—the reward has come. And it has come to everybody—yes, everybody. Take the business community. Big, medium, and small firms—they've all got much more freedom. Free markets have been restored in timber, grain, and metals. The famous Liverpool Cotton Exchange has started again. Lord Woolton has wound up the Ministry of Materials. Then the controls: two out of every three of the emergency controls have gone.

Now about employment. There has been full employment for the whole working population. Do you remember the cry at the last election? 'If the tories get in', they said, 'there will be mass unemployment'. And what's happened? There have never been more people in jobs than there are today, at least in peace time. Unemployment is negligible.

What about the tax-payer? He's hard pressed, I know. All the same, there has been some relief. The burden is still heavy, of course. Two world wars have left us with staggering debts. Social services have to be paid for. Defence costs big

money. Still, taxation has been reduced—purchase tax and income tax and those taxes which discourage industrial efficiency. Let's just take a simple individual example. A married man with two children getting £10 a week—and that's about the average industrial earning today. In 1951 he paid in income tax £13. What do you suppose he pays today? 22s. in a year. In 1951, £13; in 1954, 22s. Quite a difference, isn't it?

Now about the social services. They haven't been slashed, as many people prophesied. On the contrary, while observing due care, help has been given in increasing measure. We are spending on the social services £122,000,000 more today than under the Labour Government.

Our first year of office was a year of great economic difficulty. All the same, we raised pensions and other insurance benefits. I wish we could have done more, for one can't help knowing how great the need is. But it wasn't possible then—that is, in 1952. Now, in 1954, after a period of steady recovery and progress, we can do more and we shall. Our full proposals on pensions will be announced before the end of the year.

For the housewife, rationing is dead. Just as my younger children could hardly remember a time when you didn't have coupons and a ration book, so my grandchildren and yours won't know what these words mean—at least, I hope not. I know the shopping bills are a bit bigger. But don't forget the shopping baskets are a lot fuller. In the days of rationing we had to take what we were given. What happened to the insides of the animals during the war and post-war years, I just don't know. I began to think they were being born without hearts or livers. Now, there is choice and variety; and, once again, the customer is always right.

What about the home and the family? Well, this year we shall build about 340,000 to 350,000 houses as against 200,000 in 1951. On new schools, more work is being done than ever before. And shops and offices and factories are going up everywhere. The whole building industry is expanding and is full of confidence.

I think I could hear somebody say: 'Well, what about rents? What about that?' I'm not going into the details tonight about rents, but I really would be ashamed if we'd not had the courage to do what is right. Anyway, I'll just put this question to you. Rents have not risen—that is, of most privately owned flats and houses—since 1939, but the cost of repairs has gone up by more than three times since 1939. What, then, do you think would happen if we had run away from this problem? What would happen to the older council houses if the councils, whether Conservative or socialist, had run away from their problem? Why, the houses would gradually decay, and in the end become slums.

So we've devised a scheme, which is fair to all, by which rents can rise by carefully limited amounts subject to two conditions, and these are the conditions. First, the houses must be in good repair. Secondly, the landlord must have spent a fixed amount of money recently on repairs. And now we are going to start a new drive to get rid of the slums.

'All right, then', you may say, 'we give you all that about the past; what about the future? We admit the tories are very good at getting

us out of a mess. But we're out of the mess now, or so you say. Everything's going ahead fine. What about letting the other fellows have a chance now? It's quite safe, and, after all, they're always talking about progress and you're Conservatives. Let's have something a bit more risky! If they fail we can always put you back'.

Well, that's a fair point, but there are really two answers. First, we are not out of the wood yet, not for keeps. It doesn't really seem a very sensible plan to make all this tremendous effort to advance under one government, in order to drop right back again under the next. Secondly, as Conservatives, we believe that there are a lot of things in this country which are worth conserving. But this doesn't mean that we want to mark time, still less to go backwards. Have you noticed how the socialists are always harping back to the past? The 'bad old days' and all that. This is the paradox: it's we Conservatives who are the true progressives today. It's we who are thinking of planning for the future. And what a grand future it really can be!

Just look at modern industry! Look at the rising production! Look at the new methods and the new ideas! Look at the splendid work of our technicians and designers! By their efforts, management and workmen together have been able to put our aircraft industry ahead of the whole world. The same with engineering. The same with the motor trade. Exports are rising, and the home users are getting a better share too.

Now, you know, socialism or nationalisation hasn't done this. Neither have class war and strife and jealousy. You don't keep full employment in the modern, competitive world by state controls, or by restrictions and old-fashioned ideas on either side of industry. Full employment depends on sound finance, of course. But, above all, it depends nowadays, at any rate, on continual improvement in plant; on new ideas; on scientific methods; yes, and on something else too—on industrial harmony and co-operation. If we can use the power of modern machinery and modern skill and modern enterprise, we can go ahead at an ever-increasing rate. There is no limit to the production and distribution of wealth if we all work together.

We tories believe that everybody can and should benefit from this increasing wealth. To start with, we welcome increased earnings and increasing savings, based on increased production. All this is made possible by a more intelligent use of modern methods. In addition, some households will gain, of course, by the social services. Some will gain from reduced taxation. Some from more and more choice and range of goods at all prices. Everyone will share in rising standards. After all, it's worth remembering this solid fact. In the second year of tory government the British people earned more, spent more, ate more, and saved more, than ever in our history. And 1954 will beat 1953. Now we want more and more people to own more, by every means which we can devise.

We want people to be able and helped to own their own houses. After all, 4,000,000 people do so already. In 1951 there were barely 23,000 houses built for the small house-owner. But this year there will be something like 80,000 to 90,000. Next year there will be many more. Let all of us—and I really do mean all of us—own and enjoy more and more of the things which

used to be called luxuries: television sets, motor-cars, motor-cycles, refrigerators, and all the rest. Let all of us become, by our individual or collective savings, more and more owners as well as earners.

And then there are the farmers and the shop-keepers. We Conservatives don't want to nationalise them; we want to see them flourish and increase, as they will do in an expanding economy.

I said just now that we were saving more. That's very important. It's perhaps the healthiest sign of the progress we have made. Our total savings will give us a new chance to develop still further the vast resources of the Commonwealth and Empire. We have a great responsibility, and a great opportunity too. Why, we are only at the beginning of what we can do. In a few years' time, we shall perhaps be able to use for peaceful purposes the almost incredible forces of atomic power.

What does all this amount to? Well, what I mean is this. Let's go all out for expansion and freedom: not controls, not restrictions, not government or private monopoly; but an expanding economy, under the broad strategic direction of government, if you will, but drawing its life and strength from individual effort and enterprise. That's what we believe in. Now at last it looks as if we might get it.

And yet every one of us knows that all this depends on maintaining peace. And, by the way, the shabby charges that were flung at our party during the last election have a pretty ugly look about them now. What's happened to the tory warmongers of three years ago? They are the tory peace-makers now.

Two long-standing and baffling problems—Abadan and Suez—have been solved, peacefully and to the practical advantage of all. Two prolonged and exhausting wars—in Korea, and in Indo-China—have ended. The truce in Indo-

China, as all the world knows, was due to the skill and patience of the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden. And what a wonderful week's work he has just done now in bringing the nations of western Europe together. That's real initiative.

If we can maintain peace—and I believe we can, provided we are strong, vigilant, and patient—why then, we really are on the way to what we all want. And what is that? Surely, a rising standard of life in every household in the land. Ever greater individual ownership of goods and property. The knowledge that each family has a full and happy future in front of it. Surely that's what we all want for ourselves and our children. If we look forward and not back; if we concentrate on tomorrow, not yesterday; if we use modern methods and forget old-fashioned slogans, then we really do have a chance to get what we want. The choice is in your hands.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Germans and Their History

Sir,—I have always much appreciated Mr. Terence Prittie's fairness as a journalist and was therefore shocked by the utterly one-sided picture of German conditions in THE LISTENER of September 9. Nobody would expect that there are no nazis, or others holding deplorable views, left in Germany. As a writer who for more than fifty years, in many books and in other ways, has been one of the sharpest critics of the German ideology which culminated in Hitler, I should welcome the exposure of such tendencies in present-day Germany if they were not attributed to 'the Germans' in general and if also opposite voices were registered which appear to be much more frequent. Mr. Prittie further tries to support his thesis by condemning also such historical views which are more or less correct. I do not wish here to take too much space but am willing to give chapter and verse for this statement if desired.

The most surprising fact, however, is that you gave his talk the title: 'How the Germans Are Miswriting Their History'. The writing of history is the work of historians, but not a single one is quoted in the article. A great discussion is at present going on among the German historians about the re-writing of German history; the preponderant opinions are sound and some seem to go rather too far in rejecting the former views. Professor Hans Kohn has in a recently published book, *German History: Some New German Views*, reprinted chapters from the writings of ten German historians which confirm this statement. Many more could be adduced.

The school authorities, the writers of textbooks, and the teachers of history are further making great efforts to give the young a thoroughly revised picture of history and to educate them in the spirit of peace, democracy, and internationalism. I have before me a number of new textbooks in which, for example, the Hitler epoch is extensively treated and the crimes against peace, the Jews, etc., are condemned in the sharpest possible words. All the young, especially those who are going to become the intellectual and political leaders, in this way receive a well-substantiated and just view of the recent past. Mr. Prittie is quite wrong in speaking of the 'absence of honest study of the recent past' which 'leaves a vacuum' in the German mind. I could give

him the titles of many books, journals, and institutes devoted to this study.

One of the most praiseworthy educational enterprises is the International School Book Institute in Brunswick, conducted by Professor Georg Eckert and others. It has published a long series of writings contributing to the revision of history and, in particular, arranges conferences of historians and teachers of history of different nations in order to co-operate in reshaping the history of the relations between the nations represented. In 1950-52 three German-French meetings have taken place attended by sixty-four German and French teachers of history, and they have come to a full agreement on how the controversial questions should be treated in German and French schools. Similar conferences have dealt with the historical relations between Germany and many other nations.

As far as I know, this educational work has never been brought to the attention of a wider public in England. Perhaps this could properly be described as a 'vacuum'.

Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.11 FREDERICK HERTZ

Sir,—I have just read Mr. Terence Prittie's admirable talk, 'How the Germans are Miswriting their History'. In it he notices the German reaction to my book, *The Final Solution*, and here I must for once beg leave to become *advocatus diaboli*. Mr. Prittie writes,

The *Deutsche Rundschau* thought it should not be discussed in Germany because it might disturb the peace of mind of the German citizen.

In justice to the editor, Dr. Rudolf Pechel, who spent four years in a concentration camp, I think I should state that what the *Deutsche Rundschau* wrote was this:

It is no wonder that this book has had only an extremely limited echo, since it is fitted to disturb the comfortable calm of the restored German bourgeois.

Surely this is not the same thing.

It is not correct that the *Deutsche Rundschau* is the only German periodical to notice the book. I know of three other German notices, including the Social Democrat *Neuer Vorwaerts*. It is also a little early to say that *The Final Solution* is

unlikely ever to be translated into German, since negotiations for a German edition are well advanced.

Yours, etc.,
Beckley GERALD REITLINGER

Sir,—While such evidence as the writer of this letter has seen undoubtedly supports the conclusions reached by Mr. Terence Prittie in his Third Programme talk printed in THE LISTENER of September 9, may we, as the original publishers of *The Final Solution*, by Gerald Reitlinger, correct two points of fact:

- (1) We have recently signed an agreement with a Berlin publishing firm for the publication of a German translation.
- (2) Apart from Jewish newspapers and the *Deutsche Rundschau*, reviews have appeared in *Sonderdruck aus Zeitschrift für Ostforschung*, *Die Zukunft*, and *Das Parlament*.

The latter, being an official publication, is particularly interesting in so far as it reflects a desire on the part of the Government of the Federal Republic to cope with the problem so ably posed by Mr. Prittie.

Yours, etc.,
London, E.C.4 J. M. JAPP
General Manager,
Vallentine, Mitchell and Co. Ltd.

The Case against Take-over Bids

Sir,—Mr. Ellinger (in THE LISTENER of September 9) takes exception to my criticisms of the recent rise in dividends. First, he demonstrates a contradiction between my arguments and those of *Challenge to Britain*. Loyal party member though I am, I have never regarded this document as a sacred text, any deviation from which is proof of intellectual sin. In any event, Mr. Ellinger correctly explains the contradiction in his next paragraph when he points to the expansion of savings that occurred between the writing of *Challenge to Britain* and my recent broadcast.

Secondly, he implies that this increase in 'thrift' may be casually connected with the rise in dividends. This seems most unlikely. Mr. Ellinger omits to mention that more than half the increase in private savings between 1952 and 1953 came from a rise in net undistributed profits which, so far from being in any

way due to the rise in dividends, would obviously have been still larger had the rise in dividends been less. As far as personal savings are concerned, it is generally agreed that this figure is both unreliable, being only a residual, and particularly hard to interpret, since it includes the depreciation provisions of farmers and small businesses.

However, let us grant that there has been an expansion in genuine 'personal' savings. Can this really be put down to the rise in dividends? Very few economists today would be prepared to admit any close connection between personal savings and changes in interest or dividend payments; and virtually no recent commentator has tried to attribute any significant part of the increase in thrift to the rise in dividends. Indeed common sense (and economic theory) suggest a precisely opposite conclusion: that dividend increases, especially taking into account their influence on Stock Exchange prices, are much more likely to lead to an increase in consumption than in saving.

Thirdly, he challenges my point that bids often lead to large tax-free gains, pointing out that the bidders are almost always corporate bodies whose profits do attract tax. Sometimes of course they are, but sometimes they are not; this was admitted by Mr. Harold Cowen himself, to whose broadcast I was replying.

Fourthly, Mr. Ellinger denies my statement that shareholders are a shifting population, and challenges me to authenticate it. But if they were not, there would surely be heavy unemployment amongst brokers and jobbers! For more detailed authentication I would refer him to Professor Sargent Florence's *The Logic of British and American Industry* (page 181), where figures are given showing a very high turnover rate of shares in American corporations. There is no reason to believe that the British picture is significantly different (nor, of course, was I suggesting that no hard core of stable holders exists).

Fifthly, Mr. Ellinger states that his own estimate of 1,250,000 shareholders, which I quoted, is open to a large margin of error. No doubt it is, but it was substantially confirmed by the pilot National Survey of Personal Incomes and Savings carried out in spring 1952 (v. *Bulletin of the Oxford Institute of Statistics*, June-July, 1953). And even if the figure is doubled, which seems a reasonably generous margin of error to concede, it would still amount to only ten per cent. of family units, which would amply support my phrase 'a very small section of the population'.

Sixthly, and most surprisingly, Mr. Ellinger denies that shareholders represent the wealthiest section of the population on the grounds that his investigations revealed very many investment incomes which were smaller than average wage incomes. This may be true (subject presumably to the same wide margin of error). But nothing follows from it. A person's wealth does not depend on his investment income alone, but on his total income; and these findings prove nothing whatever about the total incomes of shareholders. And does anyone seriously deny that shareholders by and large belong to the wealthiest section of the population?

Lastly, after a purely emotive paragraph about 'irresponsible autocrats'; Mr. Ellinger says that complete dividend limitation would have an adverse effect on the investment policies of financial institutions. Indeed it might. But I never proposed anything so silly as complete and permanent limitation; I merely said that the recent large increases were neither economically justified nor socially desirable. Nothing in Mr. Ellinger's letter persuades me that I was wrong.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

ANTHONY CROSLAND

The Shape of Freedom

Sir,—When Mr. Roosevelt spoke of the 'four freedoms' he no doubt meant precisely what he said and expressed himself in that way so as to capture the imagination. I fear that Mr. Dingle Foot himself is taking a liberty with 'freedom' in suggesting (THE LISTENER, September 16) that the President had confused the word with 'welfare'. Naturally there is the implication that certain of the freedoms will be achieved through welfare.

Surely freedom arises when harmony exists between the individual and his environment. Improved circumstances alone cannot bring that happiness which is an experience of harmony, which is freedom, and the real need today is for a change of attitude within ourselves as individuals.

The great religions of the world indicate the way to freedom and could there be a better final definition than those words so profoundly full of meaning, 'Whose service is perfect freedom'?

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

D. W. LYNAM

Sir,—Mr. Dingle Foot, in his talk on 'The Shape of Freedom', complains that the words 'freedom' and 'liberty' are frequently misused. The people of Plymouth (and indeed of the rest of England and Ireland) who were 'liberated', as Mr. Foot so charmingly expresses it, by 'the triumph of the Parliamentary forces over those who sought to maintain the despotism of Charles I', very soon learned what sort of liberty it was that Cromwell brought to them. I know nothing of the history of Plymouth, but I feel sure that it joined in the general rejoicing when King Charles II came back to his own and so ended the very long period of Cromwellian tyranny.

In my little Dorset village of Shroton (of which I have the honour to be the parson) Cromwell is remembered to this day with great loathing for he came down with his army from Shaftesbury on August 4, 1645, and 'liberated' this poor village and put the dead and wounded in the church—some 300 of them. Thousands of loyalists, Church of England parsons and their wives and families, were turned out of their homes in most brutal fashion, many of them to starve.

Among them was the Rev. James Crouch and his wife and family of young children. Parson Crouch happens to be the direct ancestor of Robert F. Crouch, Esq., the Member of Parliament for North Dorset, who lives in this village, the home of his ancestors. The Crouch family suffered terrible persecution, privation, and hardship. Mrs. Crouch seems to have been a lady of spirit, for she subsequently kept the family together by doing menial work and she lived to exact considerable compensation, after the Restoration, from the wicked men who had inflicted so much cruelty upon her and her family.

After Cromwell had 'liberated' this village, baptisms, marriages, and burials officially ceased here in Shroton. But the spark of freedom burned brightly in the old parish clerk who kept a secret register (which we still have) of all those who secretly availed themselves of the Sacraments of the Church of England. From the date of the murder of King Charles I, he dated his records according to the year of the reign of his rightful sovereign, King Charles II.

The sufferings of the English people under Oliver Cromwell proved to be a blessing in disguise, however, for we got dictatorship, and the craving to be under authority of that sort, well out of the national system and early learned our lesson. And so it was that Robert Crouch, M.P., the descendant of the poor, persecuted parson James Crouch, took up the cudgels of

Dorset folk against the Crichton Down Cromwells. We have long memories in Dorset and we 'baint a-feared'.

Yours, etc.,

Shroton

RICHARD MARTIN TAYLOR

Israeli-Arabian Relations

Sir,—A comment by Lord Kinross in his talk on Israel calls, I think, for elucidation. He said, 'The Israelis have shown some unexpected qualities. They have shown themselves to be good soldiers'.

Lord Kinross shows a strange ignorance of the history of the Jewish people, both in the past and in the present. The Jewish record as a soldier dates from as long ago as the Maccabees who overthrew the Greek armies of Antiochus Epiphanes, and who were among the toughest enemies encountered by the armies of Rome, and two world wars have demonstrated that their fighting character has not diminished.

The first world war is, of course, a better yardstick than the second, in which conscription played so large a part. In the 1914-1918 war there was no European army in which Jewish soldiers did not distinguish themselves, from General Monash, the great Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Corps, down to Private Issy Smith of the Manchester Regiment, one of the five V.C.s won by Jewish soldiers, and out of the 650 awarded in an army of 8,000,000, a quite respectable proportion. There were no less than fifteen Jewish Generals in the French Army, and as early as 1914, 139 French Jewish soldiers had already been cited for valour. Of the fifty-seven Gold Medals for valour awarded in the Italian army, four went to Jews. In the Belgian army two rose to the rank of General, and even in the Russian army, the army of the Tsar, more than 1,000 Jewish soldiers were awarded the Order of St. George.

But the most striking example is perhaps to be found in the German army where the Jews of Germany, of whom 12,000 fell in action, and 1,500 received the Iron Cross of the First Class, demonstrated their true patriotism, in a country which was destined to be their graveyard. In the second world war more than 60,000 Jews served in the British forces, 13,000 in the R.A.F.: the first Dominion pilot to be killed was a South African Jew, Pilot Officer H. Rosofsky, who fell in the first raid over the German coast.

In countries where there was no conscription the story is equally striking: 10,000 South African Jews served in the army of that Dominion; in Canada there were enough serving Jews to form a Division.

Two striking facts concerning the first world war are also worth recording: in Canada, thirty-one per cent. of the general population volunteered for service—thirty-seven per cent. of the Jewish community; and in Australia, the general percentage was nine per cent.—the Jewish percentage, eleven per cent.

But in no country did the Jews pull their weight as in Palestine, in spite of the White Paper of 1939. The Palestinian Corps which went to France with the B.E.F. was seventy-five per cent. Jewish, and its war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in the Middle East, wrote on September 20, 1941: 'Among the best fighting men in the whole of the British Army are the Palestinians'.

It can be safely said that, in one way or another, the Jewish population of Palestine volunteered 100 per cent. and, as one should be aware, they pleaded incessantly for the right to form their own Brigade, which was not granted until 1944.

I think I have said enough to show that those who imagined, and their name is legion, that

the Jews are not as good fighting men as those of any nationality or creed are grossly mistaken. That the Israeli army was successful in its struggle against heavy odds was not only because so many of them were British ex-servicemen, but that the Israeli Jews are in essence fighting men, for their age-long history of persecution and suffering has toughened not only their moral but their physical fibre.

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey SIDNEY SALOMON

Tragedy and Religion

Sir,—On returning from my holiday, I read the correspondence referring to the important talk by Mr. Raphael, printed in *THE LISTENER* of September 2. Mr. Raphael has seen the decisive difference between the tragic hero and the Servant of God. But he and the other correspondents, too, overlooked the further difference between the biblical exposition of the Servant of God and the Crucifixion. This omission has consequences for the evaluation of modern drama.

In Genesis xxii we see Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac. Everything is set for tragedy. But Isaac is not sacrificed. 'Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me'. These words are a message of good tidings which, irrevocably, contradict the pagan world in which Agamemnon sacrifices Iphigenia.

Christianity, which brought the good tidings to the Graeco-Roman world, had to speak to gentiles to whom tragic end meant noble fulfilment. The story of the Servant of God of whom we read in the Book of Isaiah is told in the Crucifixion as tragedy. This Christianised tragedy is no longer the pagan tragedy, neither is it the prophetic message of the good life. Whereas Christian tradition speaks of 'the sacrifice of Isaac', the rabbis call the same story 'the binding of Isaac', stressing the point that Isaac is not sacrificed. They also emphasise that the Book of Job has a happy ending, and that the expression 'suffering servant' is not to be found in the biblical report of the suffering, the martyrdom, and the death of the anonymous prophet called 'the Servant of God'. Defying all tragedy it says of him jubilantly: 'Behold, my servant shall succeed ("succeed", and not "shall deal prudently", is the proper translation from the Hebrew), he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high'. The story of a prophet's martyrdom is told as a success-story.

The world of antiquity is a remote past but the tragic hero is still with human kind. Man trying to be Man the Creator without looking to Him who is Creator alone, goes the way of tragedy. Human creation, if it is not creation in the name of God, is self-destruction. Yet every man becomes a tragic hero in the hour which shapes him into a character. From this hour onwards he is driven by his *daimon* and is, like any creative artist and politician, Man the Creator, not creature. The tragic hero is man, utterly alone, with no God and no 'neighbour' to talk to. He exists as if he were alone in a world not yet created by God. He is the priest, the sacrifice and the receiver of the sacrifice, all in one. He does not ask Job's question about suffering and justice, because the question would break down the walls behind which he exists in self-centred aloofness.

Shakespeare and other modern dramatists perform what was impossible to the Greek dramatist. Greek drama employs the monologue as the main technique; the hero stands before us like a marble statue, unconnected with the world

around him; the chorus does not talk to him but to the audience. The modern drama, on the other hand, establishes in the dialogue a relationship between two persons, which is not merely side by side as in plastic art. The scene in which one person is persuaded to give up his own self-centred will and let his fellow-man break, guide, or help his own will is to be found in Shakespeare, not in Greek drama. We find no love-scenes in Greek drama. The Greek dramatist presents Phaedra's unhappy love in a monologue. No more. But Shakespeare shows both, Romeo and Juliet, the awakening and the growth of their love, the giving and receiving as it exists between two persons.

The modern dramatist—by that I mean the dramatist of the Christian era—does not merely fascinate the audience through fear and pity but lets the audience participate in the events taking place on the stage through their contradiction and consent. The hero of Shakespeare's plays is different from the hero of the Greek drama. The tragedy in which the hero is a philosopher—inconceivable in the world of antiquity—is to us the greatest accomplishment of modern drama: Hamlet, Wallenstein, Faust.

Maybe, the secret longing of a modern dramatist is to write the tragedy of a saint. But this is, indeed, impossible. The saint on the stage could be possible only with some earth and world still left in him—which would mean that he is not a saint. The saint is the Christian antithesis of the tragic hero. Anyway, the most convincing Shylock I have ever seen was played by an actor who made himself Jewish-looking by looking like a Rembrandt Christ. Rembrandt painted Christ with young Jews from the Amsterdam Ghetto as his models. When Shylock cries: 'Jessica, my child'; when, half mad, he mumbles: 'My ducats, my ducats', I am always reminded of the psalmist's outcry: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

Surely, the world of antiquity has been irrevocably changed through the message of good tidings: 'Lay not thine hand upon the lad...'. Should it, therefore, not be possible for the modern dramatist to present—at least to some degree—tragedy in the light of biblical faith?

Yours, etc.,

Edgware — IGNAZ MAYBAUM

An Art Critic's Apology

Sir,—Art critics should be grateful to Mr. Murray Parks and to Mr. F. Carpenter, both of whom would spare us trouble. Mr. Parks reduces our problem to one of moral integrity, Mr. Carpenter would, quite simply, have us dismiss abstract art as worthless and lifeless. 'Paul', he says, 'summed it up long ago—"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life"'. (Corinthians II, iii. 6.)

Mr. Parks is, of course, right; the critic is concerned with values and should be ready to judge as well as to explain. I hope that I did not suggest that this was not the case. But judgement without explanation is difficult. M. de Piles attempted it, giving marks out of a total of twenty for colour, drawing, chiaroscuro, and composition to all painters from the time of Cimabue to that of Le Brun. But I do not think that this method would be acceptable to you, Sir.

Mr. Carpenter's form of criticism has also been attempted. 'This young man', wrote M. Edmond About, 'who paints with ink and constantly drops the ink well, will eventually not even irritate the public'. It is not hard to say such things; but the young man in question was Manet. It is wise and charitable to give every painter serious attention, for we must hope that he, too, will turn out to be a Manet. 'Seeing then that we have such hope, we have great

plainness of speech' (Corinthians II, iii. 12). Or, at least, we should try for it.

Yours, etc.,

File

QUENTIN BELL

Italian Spaghetti

Sir,—Ann Hardy mentions in her talk, an excerpt from which appeared in *THE LISTENER* of September 9, that spaghetti should be cooked for twenty minutes. That seems to me rather too long; I have found that twelve minutes is usually sufficient. The spaghetti should have a little white core in the centre when cooked.

For some time I have tried to obtain a recipe for Italian *pasta asciutta*. I wonder whether you or any reader could suggest one?

Yours, etc.,

Bristol, 5

URSUS DIX

A Film Director's Public

(continued from page 483)

audiences. In his dressing-room he kept a china bull. It reminded him, he said, of the Minotaur, the public, that he had to face across the footlights every night. It is an engaging image because Basil did not look very much like a toreador. But the bull was kind to him. Latterly, I think he knew that it would never treat him as ruthlessly as it has many others in the entertainment arena. In a sense this is what every artist really feels like up there on the stage addressing the darkness beyond the glare of the footlights that dazzle him. He peoples the theatre with imaginary friends.

What we secretly hanker for is something perhaps like that scene in 'American in Paris', the one in which Oscar Levant daydreams of the time he will publicly perform his piano concerto. We see him in a vast auditorium, on a platform, under a spotlight. He plays brilliantly. Presently we notice, that, oddly enough, the conductor seems to be Oscar's twin brother. Then it becomes obvious that the first violin, the woodwind, the entire orchestra is a monstrous family of identical Oscar Levants. At the triumphant climax the critic shouting from the Royal Box is also Oscar Levant, and a whole Oscar Levant audience rises to its feet in thunderous applause. You may not get many to confess it, but I believe that most artists, whatever their medium of expression, secretly think of themselves in this way. However much he talks of art for art's sake the artist needs at least an imaginary audience. Does this sound conceited? It is. Artists are normally egotistical. The whole thing is tied up with the childish behaviour of showing off.

But perhaps there is another way of looking at it. If he is a genuine artist, if he has a touch, however slight, of genius—and I think there have been one or two directors, not more, who have—then a part of everyone in the audience recognises it and responds. A part of every Oscar Levant in the auditorium senses his kinship with the man under the spotlight. He is there as a sort of 'stand-in', helping them to share in the excitement of creating something. Perhaps this explains why those who have been granted great talent are, in spite of the egotism, surprisingly simple and human.—*Home Service*

The *Selected Essays of E. V. Lucas*, arranged by H. N. Wethered have been published by Methuen at 10s. 6d. Two recent topographical books are *Northamptonshire*, by Tony Ireson (Hale, 'County Books', 18s.) and *Thames Estuary*, by William Addison (Hale, 'Regional Books', 18s.).

Art

André Derain: 1880-1954

By QUENTIN BELL

ANDRÉ DERAÏN will, surely, be accounted one of the great painters of the twentieth century, even though he promised rather more than he performed. There are some paintings of his early maturity, solidly constructed 'still lives' and landscapes, in which Cézanne's influence has been assimilated and in which forms have been steadfastly examined and securely fastened within a grand design. In these there is majestic authority, and a lofty reputation may stand upon them unshaken. If, in later years, there was a lapse into triviality and a certain failure of purpose, it resulted from no lack of talent; there was talent enough in his earlier work to take him anywhere and there were later triumphs which showed that he still had strength enough to carry him forward bravely; the trouble was, I suspect, that he did not quite know in which direction to go.

One obituarist has suggested that Derain, though a born painter, was forceful rather than intellectual or critical. It is not thus, I think, that his friends will remember him. That gigantic frame housed an exceedingly nimble mind, no modern painter was more penetrating in his criticisms, more scholarly or more thoroughly at his ease in the realm of general ideas. Indeed it may well be that his pictorial indiscretions were the result, not of any kind of naivety but rather of a certain intellectual frivolity, a most dangerous readiness to discover just how much the public would take, a taste for painting—as it were with his tongue in his cheek—rather as Sickert painted his deplorable echoes. But if a lack of aesthetic earnestness was in part to blame for those vapid, mannered, almost feeble feminine heads of the nineteen-twenties, I think that the main cause, and that which determined his whole career as a painter, his achievements and his shortcomings, is to be sought elsewhere.

He was fascinated by curves, the curves of branches and drapery, of earthenware pitchers or girls' bodies, and in his drawings—astonishingly beautiful drawings they are, too—he seems ready to take almost any liberties with nature in order to preserve the almost regular character of his undulating contours. In his youth he rejoiced in the dazzling colour of the Fauves amongst whom he had no superior; but it was not long before he found the broken accented lines of neo-impressionism and the rigid angularities of Cézanne inappropriate to his genius. Already, in his portrait of Vlaminck (1905), one may fancy that he was looking for a more linear and a more sinuous way of painting. By 1912, in the 'Pinède de Martigues', he had I think discovered just the formula that he needed. This lovely pattern of curves, caught and turned in a continuous, melodious, simple, but wonderfully ornamented movement, may owe a good deal to Matisse but it reminds one also, in the perfection of its suavity, of 'La Belle Jardinière'.

Eight years later (and four of those years had been spent in the trenches) his style had become looser, broader and, as it seems to me, weaker. Consider, for instance, 'La Route de Castel-Gandolfo', painted in 1920; it is a very good picture, a poetical landscape in which the thrusting, twisting forms of tree trunks are rendered with great skill, but the restraints and the excitements

of 1912 are lacking, the drawing has lost its precision and the curves their spring.

Modern painters seem unable to go on repeating one lovely theme for a lifetime; there is something in the climate of our restless age that compels them to chop and change. Thus Derain, having found what, for his purposes, would seem to have been a nearly perfect manner, felt the need to abandon it, and, at the very height of his fame, lost his bearings. He needed something to set him off upon a new tack, but he did not find it. I would suggest that what he needed was more space. He was not, after all, one of those painters who can dwell lovingly upon the minute

accidents of nature; his preoccupation with flowing patterns led him, inevitably, to a high degree of generalisation and his forms are not so much interesting in themselves as interesting by reason of the part that they are called upon to play within his design. He was, in the best sense

of the word, a decorative artist; one therefore who might suffer when confined within a small canvas, but who could respond to the stimulus of great surfaces and who might find that new spaces provide new possibilities. I have ventured to suggest an affinity with Raphael and the suggestion has its uses, for even that titan needed the stanze on which to show the full splendour of his powers—so, in his lesser way and in response to a lesser opportunity, did Derain astonish the world by his decor for the 'Boutique Fantastique'; and again, in his old age, he achieved a spectacular success and put forth a strength that was very far from being senile, when he executed the scenery for 'La Fille de Madame Angot'. In an age ready to provide palaces and cathedrals for the use of painters Derain might have met and matched himself to ever more splendid opportunities. Such opportunities were denied him; but sufficient evidence remains to prove that we have lost a great man.

The annual report of the Friends of the National Libraries has now been published covering the year ending last March. Purchases during 1953-1954 have benefited the British Museum, the University of Liverpool, the John Rylands Library at Manchester, and the Ipswich and East Suffolk Record Office.



'Drawing of a Girl'



'Pinède de Martigues' (1912)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Century of Total War

By Raymond Aron. Verschoyle. 25s.

M. ARON HAS WRITTEN a searching analysis of the present world situation in the light of the vast changes that have taken place since the beginning of the twentieth century. The writer's scholarship is unquestionable, and his style clear and cogent in the best tradition of French political commentary. It may be objected that here and there he obtains his clear-cut effects by attaching insufficient weight to the more confusing aspects of the problem. But this is minor criticism of a book that is designed to provoke thought, and succeeds admirably in its purpose.

M. Aron's theme is relatively simple. The collapse of Germany and Japan, and the relative exhaustion of France and Britain have created a situation in which two Great Powers, the United States and the Soviet Union, stand face to face. The Soviet Union, inspired by a secular religion of universal pretensions, is aiming at World Empire, and has forced the United States, which desires co-existence, into a defensive posture. The third world war is already on us, though it is still in its cold, or limited, phase. Whether the cold war can be won by the west without recourse to total war is an open question. The totalitarian nature of the Soviet system gives it great advantages over a western world still striving to preserve the freedoms in conditions which impose on it a state of semi-mobilisation.

A simple statement of the problem does not necessarily imply a simple solution. 'This double burden of the cold war that may last ten or twenty years, and of a total war that is always possible, make western diplomacy strangely complex, and, almost at any moment, open to contradictory interpretations. There is no territory anywhere in the world which western diplomacy does not see some reason for defending. At once two objections arise—that of the *protégés*, who wonder whether to fear or desire American protection, and that of the protector, who wonders whether it is not madness thus to disperse his forces for the benefit of weak countries or corrupt governments'. This confused situation is responsible for the mistakes and hesitations of western policy since the war, though the author would not admit for a moment that those mistakes and hesitations were unavoidable.

In an introductory section, entitled 'From Sarajevo to Hiroshima', M. Aron surveys the developments that led from local war to total war, and examines the impact of the latter on society. His survey contains a particularly damaging criticism of the policy of 'unconditional surrender' adopted by the Allies in the second world war—the policy which resulted, and could only have resulted, in a vast accession of Russian strength in Europe. As regards the impact of total war on society, the author concludes that material loss is its least significant feature. Population statistics and production figures show that recovery can be astonishingly swift. The real damage lies deeper. 'War exalts at first but subsequently distorts the worship of heroism . . . it multiplies the taste for speculation, which, by aggravating the fluidity of conditions, renders wealth less respected because less respectable, and poverty more difficult to accept because in fact it is less acceptable; it devalues professional morality, of workers as well as of employers; it builds up individuals, upsets the ordinary relations within the hierarchy, makes claimants more impatient

while reducing the means of satisfying them; it effaces traditions'. As a result, people emerge from war bewildered and defeatist, distrustful of their scheme of values and readier to accept any system that offers a release from the evil.

Just such a system is communism. M. Aron distinguishes in it three main themes, which he labels the Christian, the Promethean, and the rationalist. The first promises revenge for the humiliated, the exaltation of the poor and the weak. The second foresees the mastery of natural forces through science which will release humanity from the curses of poverty and toil. The third purports to show that, by recognising the laws of historical development, mankind can anticipate the future and shape it to benign ends. The amalgam of these three themes in the materialist dialectic creates a body of doctrine of great seductive power. While M. Aron has little difficulty in exposing its fallacies, he remarks that 'it gives to people with no more than an elementary education the pleasant feeling of easily acquiring an understanding of the world around them. It is the typical philosophy of the age of the masses and of the popularisers'.

M. Aron is at his best in his analysis of the cold, or limited, war. In a remarkably convincing passage, he argues that the United States has lost rather than gained by its 'famous atomic monopoly'. Nuclear weapons are useless in the cold war, and faith in their efficacy as a deterrent resulted in the United States denuding herself of the conventional forces that alone could have averted aggression against, for instance, South Korea and Indo-China. Until the Soviet superiority in conventional forces is balanced by western rearmament, local aggression must confront the west with the hopeless choice: capitulation or total war? The answer, M. Aron believes, lies in the attainment of 'inter-continental equilibrium', a balance of all types of strength between the Eurasian land-mass and the Atlantic community. One vital question M. Aron leaves untouched: can the west seize the initiative in the cold war? Are circumstances conceivable in which the west would answer subversive activity in Laos by the military occupation of, say, Albania? Is there any substance in the call of the American Republicans, issued in the heat of an electoral campaign, for the liberation of the 'enslaved peoples'? After his performance in the book under review, we may hope that M. Aron will deal with this problem in a subsequent work.

Preparation for Painting

By Lynton Lamb. Oxford. 18s.

This is a book not to be borrowed from the lending library but to be purchased, treasured, read and re-read by all those who wish to make painting their hobby or their profession, students, Sunday painters, boys and girls taking art at an advanced level and indeed all such practising artists as have not become entirely impervious to new ideas or quite insensible to the value of a clear intelligent re-statement of that which they know. If such readers are disappointed by Mr. Lamb they must be hard to please; for here is a book to set them on their way, to give them a clear notion of what they may achieve and what they had better avoid, a trustworthy guide to tell them with learning, but without pomposity, with painterly understanding, but without studio jargon, just how to set about their task. It is a work that is agreeable to read and which takes one, by the pleasantest of paths, from the fundamental question of

painting to the no less essential problems of how to choose a good sable or how to stretch a canvas. Mr. Lamb keeps so well to the point that he covers the ground in one hundred and fifty pages; his argument flows easily from beginning to end but his essay may also be treated as a manual. Also, and this is important in a work intended for artists, this book is well printed, well produced, and embellished with good clear photographs.

In future editions, and it is to be hoped that there may be many of them, the author might think it worth while to fill a few minor lacunae. On the purely technical side he might consider that process which is known as 'tonking' a canvas and perhaps he might give his opinion of M. Maroger's medium. In his consideration of method he could repair a more serious omission and one that is unexpected in view of the attention that he pays to methods of working away from nature, *viz*: the training of the artists' memory. It is also surprising that so scholarly a painter and one who, clearly, has studied the old masters with affectionate enthusiasm, should say nothing of the practice of copying, a method of study which, though sometimes noxious, can, if properly undertaken, be of the very greatest value. It is, however, very possible that Mr. Lamb has his own good reasons for these omissions. At all events it is difficult to suppose that the author of so intelligent a book can be seriously at fault, even on a point of detail.

The People of the Sea

By David Thomson.

Turnstile Press. 12s. 6d.

The White Desert. By John Giaeffer.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

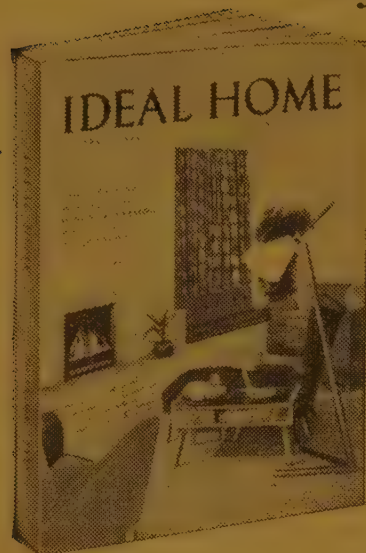
The People of the Sea is a book by a man with an obsession. The obsession is with seals, and Mr. Thomson has given an account of some journeys made in search of these creatures and of the strange legends that have been handed down about them. On his quest the writer visited some of the few places in Britain where primitive ways of life still continue and where, as well, seals are commonly to be seen; for in such communities neither modern knowledge nor familiarity with the seal has quite taken away belief in the legend. One of the most interesting pieces of seal lore, and one that recurs in western Ireland and in the Hebrides, is that seals take human shape and men for husbands: but the 'seal wife's' skin must be hidden; once she has found it, she will be back to the sea again. Mr. Thomson notes a Faroe Islands proverb—'She could no more hold herself back than the seal wife could when she found her skin'. Seals have, indeed, a strange likeness to man, and although the Atlantic seal was hunted for its skin and for the oil in its fat, it is easy to understand the reluctance of some fishermen to kill them. And to kill them was supposed to bring bad luck: it was known that men had been drowned afterwards. Seals were reputed at times to have pity for the drowned:

. . . I saw the two seal women sit down on the coffin and they weeping by it. And I saw this boy go down on the shore and gather up the two sealskins and bring the two to them. And the two seal women stopped weeping then, and they took the skins from the boy and went back in the sea. Mr. Thomson has collected and written down many fascinating tales about seals and seal men. But his book gives us much more than these:

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he has observed closely the customs and the hard and simple ways of the crofters and fisher-folk who gave him hospitality and information. He has an excellent ear for the speech of these people, which is often racy, direct, and clear, and has an element of poetry in it, together with some of the bare roughness of the seascape by which they live. *The People of the Sea* has these same qualities; it is an exceptional book, and its theme and treatment give it unity.

The White Desert is the official account of the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic expedition. The object of the expedition was for from twelve to fourteen men to carry on for two years research in meteorology, glaciology, and geology, as well as map making and other activities, from a main base to be set up somewhere on the coast of Queen Maud Land. This account was written by John Gjaever, the Norwegian leader of the expedition. It is admirably clear, intelligible and exciting to the layman, and makes it evident that in the time available the expedition could not have achieved better results. It was successful for several reasons—excellent international organisation, experienced and tactful leadership, and unselfish co-operation among the fifteen men who lived at close quarters, and often in extremely trying conditions, for two years. The leader's account of the personal relations of these men is written with sympathy and understanding, and although he is not a scientist himself, he seems to have had a more than adequate knowledge of the objectives and achievements of his party of scientists. At the end of the book there are contributions by some of the scientists of the expedition: these give detailed and specialised accounts, though brief, of researches—particularly those of the glaciological party and the topographical-geological party—and of the arduous conditions in which they were carried out. There are some very good photographs.

The People of the Sierra

By J. A. Pitt-Rivers.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

Spain is a country that seems to have a peculiar fascination for the Anglo-Saxon. No part of the world, not even Arabia, has had so many lively books written upon it. Turn them over from Ford and Borrow to Hemingway and Pritchett and one will see the reason. The puritan, the man of order and self-repression that rules in every Englishman, cannot help being shocked by the Spanish way of life, whereas the old Adam in him, the man of instinct and passion, feels a sudden liberation when he comes in contact with it. Spain thus produces in our countrymen an ambivalence of feeling that they find stimulating and which often leads them, when they write, into a splutter of generalisations. The Spaniards are lazy and superstitious, the Spaniards are proud and romantic, the Spaniards are anarchistic and egoistic, and so forth. What is more, the Spanish writers themselves, steeped as they are in European ways of thinking, are thrown into the same conflict when they contemplate the heights and depths of their country. Here, however, is a book which approaches the subject from an entirely new angle. It is a work of patient and purposeful observation written with a refreshing modesty. Although its field is restricted, it is one of the most illuminating books ever written upon the Spanish way of life and should help us to understand that perplexing people better.

Dr. Pitt-Rivers is a young anthropologist who had the happy idea of studying, instead of the usual tribe of savages, a European community. He chose for his subject a small town or *pueblo* in Andalusia. This was a good choice, for the Spanish *pueblo*, though in some ways not unlike

any other small community of the pre-industrial age, is distinguished from those of northern countries by its far closer and tighter social organisation and moral code. As Dr. Pitt-Rivers observes, its complete concentration on itself and its lack of allegiance to anything outside it suggests the Greek city state and, in fact, down to the end of the Middle Ages (and in some cases down to the nineteenth century) it had a similar political organisation, for it debated and settled its affairs at regular meetings in which all the male members took part and with little or no interference from the central authority. Since for some purposes Spain can be regarded as an uneasy combination of all the small towns within its frontiers, a federation of thousands of tiny, self-contained states, this study of one of them throws light upon the country as a whole.

The main part of this book is devoted to describing the social structure of the town and the very strong public opinion which lays down the relations a man has with his family, his neighbours, his friends and rivals and with the authority of the state, which is regarded as mainly hostile and foreign. The author explains in detail how the tensions that arise between the town and the authorities are resolved and gives three admirable chapters to the roles played by the sexes. What transpires from this study is how profoundly conservative and tribal Spanish society is. Its pattern is the closest in Europe. Those writers who stress Spanish self-assertiveness and individualism are looking at the other side of the picture, at the surface revolt which is allowed to people who in all important matters are deeply fixed in their matriarchal system. Every rising of the past century, Carlist, anarchist, socialist, has been a protest against the liberal European concept of the open society and an attempt to get back to the good old days when the custom and morality of the village were the only morality and custom. Every rising of the Liberal middle-classes has been a protest against the system in which they are born and will die and which is symbolised for them by the Spanish Church. Wars and revolutions come and go, but the basic things in Spain do not alter.

Daniel Defoe. By Brian Fitzgerald.

Secker and Warburg. 18s.

The 'study in conflict' of Mr. Fitzgerald's subtitle is reflected, it often seems, in our modern approach to Defoe. It is not altogether surprising that this is the third biography of Defoe to appear in the last four years, and that Professor Sutherland's standard work of 1937 has in the meantime been reprinted. To put it shortly, Defoe stands out among all his contemporaries as the Englishman who could with least difficulty be imagined as living today. Yet after the first start of recognition he seems to dart off through the streets and byways in one of those tearing topographical excursions that enliven the first part of *Colónel Jack*. Solid as he is, he 'hides himself in mists', as his son-in-law complained, while one is following up a host of fascinating clues through the history of his times or industriously correcting one of the longest bibliographies in existence. The conflict is between the absorbing business of coming to grips with the man and the endless diversions that he provokes into the life and thoughts of his times. The biographer cannot possibly keep clear of social history, and the critic or special investigator becomes a biographer.

Mr. Fitzgerald, stimulated chiefly (it seems) by the *Essay Upon Projects*, the *Complete English Tradesman*, the *Plan of the English Commerce*, and the great and so little known treasure-house of the *Review*, begins with a quotation from Harold Laski's *Rise of European Liberalism* and ends with the assertion that

'man's desires and actions are conditioned by his physical constitution; and by economic circumstances, either personal or social'. One begins to see why *Robinson Crusoe* is so persistently popular in Soviet Russia. But it will hardly do. 'Give me not poverty, lest I steal' is not the only moral to be derived from Defoe the Dissenter; at once the critic of Occasional Conformity and the scourge of those who wished to persecute it by law. Nor does the triumph of capitalism provide a complete description of his environment. Aware of the complexities of his subject, yet unwilling to abandon a thesis, the biographer escapes with something of Defoe's own nimbleness into a personal presentation in which known facts are only the starting point. Whence, for instance, come the pretty girls whom he supplies for the almost undocumented early years? Where so much can only be guessed of Defoe's private and public life it seems better to let the reader share in the guessing on the patiently collected evidence—as did Paul Dottin in the work on the same subject which has reached an English public only through a mangled version. The mysteries are in the case of Defoe almost as intriguing as the certainties, and the serious biographer should distinguish between them. There is something about this particular sitter that shrugs off the romantic style of portraiture.

Living Fossils. By Maurice Burton.

Thames and Hudson. 21s.

Man, Time and Fossils. By Ruth Moore.

Cape. 21s.

These are two good books of 'biology for the layman', an article of commerce which is rare enough to be worth a hearty welcome when it appears. Dr. Burton's book has been written to satisfy the interest aroused by the recent discovery of further specimens of *Coelocanth*, the primitive fish which were until a few years ago thought to be extinct for about 100,000,000 years. He does not confine himself to this one fashionable case, but ranges, in fact, extremely widely over the animal kingdom.

The book starts with a short discussion of the changes in the distribution of land and sea which have occurred throughout geological time, and Dr. Burton shows how at certain earlier periods a land-mass became isolated, so that its fauna continued evolving on its own without having to face the competition of inhabitants of other parts of the globe. Australia and New Zealand are the two most striking examples of this. The former, with its fauna of monotremes and marsupials, provides Dr. Burton with an opportunity to discuss what is known as adaptive radiation—the evolution, from one original stock, of a series of species each adapted to some characteristic way of life. The marsupials, representing an early stage in the evolution of mammals, exist only as a few remnant species elsewhere, but in their isolated fastness of Australia have produced nearly all the main types of animals which their more successful rivals, the true mammals, have done better. There are large plant-eaters, the Kangaroos and wallabies, which live like horses or deer; there are counterparts of rats, mice, dogs, cats, wolves, moles, squirrels, rabbits, and even something (the cuscus) rather like a monkey. One of the types that may be missing is the large carnivore, such as a lion, tiger, or leopard; but Dr. Burton gives an interesting discussion of the evidence for and against the existence of a 'Queensland Tiger Cat', which has only been seen (if at all) once or twice, and never caught.

Many of the very rare animals of the world, indeed, are the last representatives of old-established lineages, and therefore come within Dr. Burton's definition of a living fossil; and



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he allows himself to devote some space to a cool but not entirely sceptical discussion of such semi-mythical beasts as the Abominable Snowman, the nadi bear, the nunda, the lau, the pterodactyl of Africa, and even the ogo-pogo, the sea-serpent, and the Loch Ness monster. The last of these he thinks may be a giant eel disporting itself momentarily at the surface. In the main, however, his book deals with perfectly well established creatures, and he shows how the existing fauna includes representatives of a surprisingly high proportion of the major groups of animals which have existed in past ages. His well-informed and interestingly written discussion of these obstinately persisting types provides a very pleasant introduction to the rather arid field of comparative anatomy.

Dr. Burton writes with the authority of a professional zoologist who occupies an important position as Deputy Keeper in the British Museum (Natural History). Miss Moore has no such status. She announces herself as a journalist; but she has written the more important of the two books. She has been bold enough to attempt not only a general account of our present ideas on the mechanisms by which evolution occurs, but to relate to them the problems of man's own origins. This century has seen enormous advances in our understanding of evolutionary processes, and the last decade or two in our knowledge of man's ancestors, so that Miss Moore was faced with a formidable task if she was to be both up to date and reasonably reliable. She has accomplished it with astonishing success, and produced a book which is in the highest class of scientific popularisations, along with such journalistic classics as Scheinfeld's *You and Heredity*.

Miss Moore has adopted the method, for getting her material across, of attaching the scientific ideas to certain key personalities. This, of course, tends to give rather a false impression, of a few great men and a host of mere followers; but it is a device almost impossible to avoid in popular writing, and Miss Moore has shown very good sense, and a praiseworthy absence of nationalist bias, in her selection of figures. She has perhaps not entirely avoided the pitfall of confusing J. S. and J. B. S. Haldane (and selects the less important item from *Who's Who* about the latter's work in the 1920s); and, probably because by the time she reaches this point in her argument she is definitely committed to discussing the evolution of man rather than that of animals in general, she attributes to Washburn, rather than, say, to Goldschmidt, the important idea that evolution involves not the mere addition of isolated changes to various organs but rather an alteration in the system of reactions by which the egg develops into the final adult. But these personal points are of very minor importance; in the main, attention is fairly distributed between the different aspects of our present full and complex theory of the evolution of man. The book is one which can be very strongly recommended.

Selected Works. Volume I: Prose. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by G. Craig Houston. Hogarth Press. 15s.

The reader who finds Rilke obscure may be comforted by the poet's confession that he himself understood certain parts of his *Sonnets to Orpheus* only in isolated moments of grace. He described these poems as 'lyrical totals'. They and the *Duino Elegies* are a summing-up of experience, a definitive version of the ideas that accompanied him through life. The chief interest of these prose pieces is that they allow us a more extended view of the attitude so enigmatically summarised in the later poetry. Here we have some of the 'rough work' that leads to the final lyrical totals.

This book is an English version of the second volume of the *Ausgewählte Werke* (third edition, 1948), except that 'The Rodin-Book' is substituted for 'The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge' (which is already available here in John Linton's translation), and Rilke's own translations from other literatures are understandably omitted.

'The Rodin-Book' is a good choice for inclusion, as far as 'rough work' is concerned, for it was from Rodin, whose secretary he was for some years, that Rilke learned those habits of patience and unremitting work which were to carry him through the silent decade after 1912 and prepare him for eventual triumph at Muzot. Rodin became an ideal of spiritual intensity. The three-dimensional works of the sculptor make their impression too: Rilke takes up the idea of the poem as a similar object in space, a highly charged piece of reality, true to tradition and propagating tradition. In 'The Young Poet', another of these prose pieces, he again discusses poetry as 'the past that breaks out in our hearts'. The only purpose Rilke ever attributed to his own work was the preservation of tradition. From this follows his respect for the world as it is, our heritage around us. His attack on Christianity in 'The Young Workman's Letter' was motivated by the same respect for our material inheritance, for his grievance here is that Christianity, by emphasising the splendour of a world to come, diminishes the importance of this world.

In other pieces, notably the fragment called 'An Experience', Rilke dwells on the perpetual effort to return to harmony with nature. It is we who are inadequate, not the world. This view is expressed most clearly in 'Primal Sound', a fascinating essay. Here Rilke regrets that poets do not use all five senses to the full in their work. He suggests that our sense-perceptions, spreading out like a five-fingered hand and covering separate sectors, convey merely a fragmentary impression of experience. He implies it should be the task of the artist to push out the boundaries of these sectors until they merge and so cover the whole of experience.

There is nothing new in this book for German-reading students of Rilke, but to others it should be invaluable, for it reveals an aspect of the poet inaccessible to them until now. It is also a fitting memorial to the late Miss Craig Houston, whose translation is clearly a service of love, a fine climax to her long and scholarly devotion to the poet.

The Bandit on the Billiard Table By Alan Ross. Verschoyle. 25s.

Mr. Ross has by now proved himself a connoisseur of Mediterranean islands, and his taste is evidently for the unfamiliar and less developed among them. As a poet his approach to travel is perhaps more than usually egocentric. He likes to discover and to appropriate, to set the world spinning in his own poetic solar system, to invest towns and landscapes with a personal aura of sophisticated melancholy, and this can best be done in lands not much built over with tradition or mythology. Sardinia, which is quite untouched by the heroes or legends of antiquity, which D. H. Lawrence felt to have been left outside of time and history, was a perfect choice for his idiosyncratic style of travel-writing.

Nothing could be in sharper contrast to Italy, or to other Mediterranean islands, than the immense billiard-table plains of the interior, remotely dominated by mountains, which seem to enclose the Sardinian, leaving him, as the author observes, becalmed in his past. Sardinia has most often played an off-stage role in history and the personages setting foot there, as we learn from several lively historical digressions, have only been en route for some greater adventure—

Napoleon undergoing a humiliating baptism of fire, Nelson vainly scanning the waters towards Toulon, or Garibaldi, biding his opportunity. The buildings and remains, whose gaunt romantic beauty Mr. Ross recaptures very skilfully, the black-and-white striped Pisan basilicas and the Spanish baroque cathedrals, suggest a continual foreign domination in the arts, the most authentic expression of the Sardinian genius being the bronzes and stone carvings fashioned before the Carthaginian conquest.

The book is written in two idioms, expository and imaginative, whose edges remain distinct. In the one we get the results of Mr. Ross' pioneering, information on hotels, underwater fishing, transportation, and the general awakening of the island from centuries of stagnation through a successful Allied campaign against malaria. The other is a lyrical prose, which strives through imagery and association to pin down the moment of experience in its full intensity. Mr. Ross has an exceptional descriptive gift and his word-pictures of submerged Roman cities, peasant festivals, or the rhythm and texture of the Sardinian day deserve high praise, though for some readers the pleasure might be still greater if the personality of the author obtruded less frequently upon the scene. There is a danger, which would scarcely arise for a less fertile talent, of this mode of expression developing into a modern euphuism, in which the juxtaposing of startling image and epithet becomes an end in itself, more important than the subject-matter which they are supposed to delineate. The style in fact could bear some pruning, and in particular the verb 'to fascinate' and its derivatives could profitably be weeded out. These are minor faults in an alert and sensitive travel-book which can claim, as few nowadays can, to be a work of literature. The illustrations by Costa are well worthy of his customary high standard.

The Oxford Illustrated Jane Austen: Volume VI, Minor Works. Edited by R. W. Chapman. Oxford. 21s.

With this volume Dr. Chapman completes his life-long task of editing every word preserved from Jane Austen's pen by collation with the surviving manuscripts or (in the case of the published works) with the editions printed in the author's lifetime. Who can doubt that Jane Austen would have been delighted and gratified with the meticulousness, the elegance, the taste, and the sound critical principles with which her editor has treated the object of his respectful devotion?

The present volume gathers together for the first time between one pair of covers all the material (other than the letters) surviving from Jane Austen's pen which she did not intend for publication: the sketches for *The Watsons*, *Sanditon*, and *Lady Susan*, the three volumes of *Juvenilia*, occasional verses, prayers, and a few other slight pieces. Apart from the youthful high spirits of the *Juvenilia*, perhaps the chief interest of these fragments arises from the insight they give into Jane Austen's technique of composition. Judging by *The Watsons* and *Sanditon*, it would appear that Jane Austen wrote a very quick first draft, which established the characters; the people come alive immediately, though the incidents in which they are involved are, many of them, contrived and unconvincing. The second draft modifies the incidents, gives form to the story with divisions of book and chapter, and with greater attention to verisimilitude. *The Watsons* appears to be in the first draft, *Sanditon* in the second; the surface contrast with the published works is so great that it seems probable that the elegant style was added on third or subsequent drafts. The 'two square inches of ivory' were indeed worked and re-worked.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

'Can I Have a Lawyer?'

GOOD DOCUMENTARY has not been a strong feature of recent television. Allowing for the seasonal emphasis on lighter fare, there is legitimate excuse for wondering what has become of Paul Rotha, the film expert in that line. He was appointed to take charge of television documentary eighteen months ago and seems not to have been heard of since. His documentary film reputation stands high. A good deal was expected of Mr. Rotha, or so one understood. What has happened to him? Where are the reforming ideas which were to make documentary television a force in our lives?

Presumably he is in a position to retort: 'Did you see "Can I Have a Lawyer?" the other evening?' I did see it. I have pleasure in stating the opinion that it was not only the best of its kind that we have had for some time but the best that I have seen in four years' self-sacrificing application to this task of programme assessment and comment. It counted with me as a television event.

For the guidance of non-viewing readers of what is written here (I receive letters disclosing their existence), it should be made known that 'Can I Have a Lawyer?' illustrated the working of one part of the Legal Aid and Advice Act of 1949. Its central figure was a barrister, giving his services free, as many in his profession are doing, at a Legal Advice Centre. Shuttling between him and the unaccommodating outer world were typical victims of circumstance seeking consolation at the shrine of the Welfare State, imperfect as yet in that department of its operations as in others.

It is possible to expect too much from the

documentary treatment, which is not primarily concerned with discovering new relations between things, though it may give them a new significance in the act of reporting and recording, its main purpose. 'Can I Have a Lawyer?' was an example of documentary enabling us to see the human comedy afresh. That has rarely been accomplished in television documentary and someone should be given full marks, possibly Paul Rotha, certainly Jenifer Wayne, who wrote the script, and Caryl Doncaster, who gave us a



'Can I Have a Lawyer?' on September 13, with Brewster Mason, Amy Dalby, and Marjorie Stewart (right)

first-rate visual transcription of it. Here is a collaboration of craftsmanship yielding results which give renewed hope for the informative and educative role of television.

I can excuse myself from particularising individual performances by complaining that the credit lines at the end came up too quickly. They do that far too often: whoever is finally responsible, please note. I could wish for space

in which to pay fuller tribute to the little gem of a character study from the elderly player of Mrs. Penne-thorne; also to inquire, by the way, why the Irish stress: it seemed out of focus. 'Can I Have a Lawyer?' was important, above all, as a reminder that documentary programmes can help to check the phantasy-making which is television's greatest threat to the future. There is an imperative need for more documentaries of that high standard. Let us pray.

In mentioning another appreciated programme of the week, 'Stars of the Vienna State Opera', I give a sideways glance at my

colleague across the way, whose recent operatic excursions on gramophone records in the Home Service I much enjoyed. The interviewing part, at least, fell within my terms of reference. I merely want to say that Antony Hopkins' personal introductions were a satisfying blend of informality and expertise. Coming immediately after, 'World Speedway Championship' was a descent into nether regions of primitive enthusiasm. Evidently the cameramen felt more at home there, for they responded with a technical vigour lacking in their engagement with the opera singers in the studio. Again, at the Blackpool swimming they performed superbly. We could feel as well as see the classic tensions of that sport.

In my rash opinion, 'Tonight Is Ladies' Night', a Scottish Industries Exhibition programme from Glasgow, did not do justice to the country's natural resources in its parade of local beauty queens. If that is deemed faulty judgement, the blame must go to television, often a distorting medium and never, I have noticed, an embellishing one when it comes to transmitting facial charm. Distributing his largesse of compliments, Rex Kingsley had what may have been an unenviable task as commentator. He did it well enough to set in motion the hope that he may be seen again in some similar role. The commentator class of man is always in need of promising recruits.

A personal prejudice in favour of finding something better to do than stare up at flying displays is at odds with my remembrance of the unexcelled excitements of being a boy at the opening of the air age. Last Saturday afternoon we saw on television the commemorative Battle of Britain display at the Royal Air Force station at St. Athan in Wales. That will be the day when we see on television the air forces of the world writing across the hemispheric skies the legend: *War Is Man Against Himself*. It would not require much smoke. Meantime, no doubt it is a good thing, with or without the benefit of television, to revive the pride of conquest.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Hector Is Dead

B.B.C. TELEVISION-PLANNERS (as it will soon be necessary to distinguish them from other and independent planners) must think us critics an ungrateful lot. All is illusion and the planning eye no doubt beholds a perfectly balanced map of events for high, middle and low of brow. Capricious viewers, on the other hand, insist that one week all the plays are about comic Lancashire families, and another week that every play is set in a sort of Kensington-Mayfair which died in reality fifty years ago. Another time the eye and ear are fatigued with the cries of holiday-making Groves, or Boulogne-going Appleyards (no fatalities in either case, I report as objectively as I can). Then comes a week when the drama grows up.

Such was this week. 'Montserrat' is rather old history now (last Tuesday week), but the courage which made it possible for viewers to feel the turn of this particular screw ought not



Stars of the Vienna State Opera being interviewed on September 16. Left to right: Emmy Loose, Elisabeth Grümmer, Antony Hopkins (who introduced the programme) and Léopold Simoneau

to go unsung. It is true that Lilian Hellman has greatly altered the slant of Robles' play. But that, it seems to me, she is entitled to do—at least in so far as it sharpens the point theatrically. Denholm Elliott and Stephen Murray took on the duel of endurance with better support in this fashion than might otherwise have been the case with the French original. I did not greatly admire the play, but it is certainly a cut above much that we are asked to view, and the other plays of Miss Hellman's will, I hope, still be kept in sight. How about digging out 'Another Part of the Forest' again, or even 'The Watch on the Rhine'—or would it be a tactless moment for that anti-teutonic petard?

The main event of the week was even more ambitious. Nothing less than 'Troilus and Cressida', which has been known to affright even dihard Bardolators. There must have been some head-shaking about putting on, on Sunday, what is generally regarded as the least sympathetic of all Shakespeare's plays, a play which cries 'The age of chivalry is done: all is now cunning, treachery and lust'. But since a famous modern-dress revival in 1939 (at the Westminster Theatre) there has been a growing belief that this may be the play for our times and that the Victorian rejection of it—it was not rejected by Tennyson, incidentally, as Mr. Rylands' most interesting article in *Radio Times* reminded us—may have been merely a refusal to accept Cressida's change of sides as a slur on womanhood. After two wars we know that such changes of heart do occur. As for the wranglings of Greeks and Trojans, one need hardly point the modern instances.

As usual in a Rylands production, the text of the play came first. My own test for the merit of a Shakespearean production is to shut my eyes (not in sleep, as my enemies aver) to 'see' if the play is still

making its effect in verbal terms, in which case I don't much mind if the stage is dressed in gold or gaberdine. If the Vision had failed in this production, it could still have made an effect of kinds by means of Sound Only—like the ten o'clock news, which it in some ways resembled! Much would have been lost, but not everything and that, so to say, 'speaks volumes' for the skill and knowledge behind production. Douglas Allen and George Rylands must have worked hard, even given a cast of really intelligent players as here, for it cannot have been easy to get this play into so clear an acting shape as it held.

On the other hand, the *look* of the screen itself was often dreadful. So cramped. I know that the sweep of Cinerama is not to be expected, but hectoring at such very close quarters, to say nothing of fighting to the death in the ground space of a medium-sized wheelbarrow, is apt to strain the viewer's sense of fun, for a televisioner cannot be trusted to make the allowance the groundlings in the Wooden O so readily accorded. Bunched up and semi-nude—the play



Two scenes from 'Troilus and Cressida' on September 19. Above, Mary Watson as Cressida and John Fraser as Troilus; left, Richard Wordsworth (kneeling) as Thersites and Michael Brennan as Ajax



Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

Dreaming True

WHEN I LEARNED that E. J. King Bull had adapted 'Peter Ibbetson' for radio, I did wonder for a moment with a wild surmise. Could this mean that we might help to move the Venus de Milo, or that we should hear of the mammoth, 'phantom of an overgrown hairy elephant', that Mimsey and Gogo—more precisely, Mary, Duchess of Towers, and Peter Ibbetson—were able to see while 'dreaming true'? I

should have known better than to suppose that Mr. King Bull, with his tact and imagination, would have left in any of the awkward pages of the fantasy, passages in which George du Maurier toppled over. They cannot trouble addicts who understand how and where to skip. Even so, lovers of the book, warts and all, do not like to see it left vulnerable to any cynical listener. The high merit of the new version (Third) is that it may bring fresh readers to 'Peter Ibbetson' and to the extraordinary fable of an inner and outer life that Masfield has called 'a complete statement of a destiny'. The radio play is indeed 'dreaming true': if it has pruned du Maurier's luxuriance, it has done so with care. The wild enchantment remains: the novel has not been privet-clipped.

Du Maurier's gift was for causing the 'sons of the past to shine again. He wrote with a passionate wistfulness, re-creating some of his own childhood, as well as Gogo's, in the Paris of the eighteen-forties; remembering with a pang those autumnal evenings when 'the last red streak died out of the wet west behind the swaying tree-tops'. On Sunday the early scenes, lovingly realised and brought to us as behind a gauze, held the air most surely; but we cannot forget the return to Paris, Esmé Percy's moment for the senile Major, and the later speech—at once preposterous and poignant—in which the Duchess tells her imprisoned partner of the life to be. I daresay that psychology has all manner

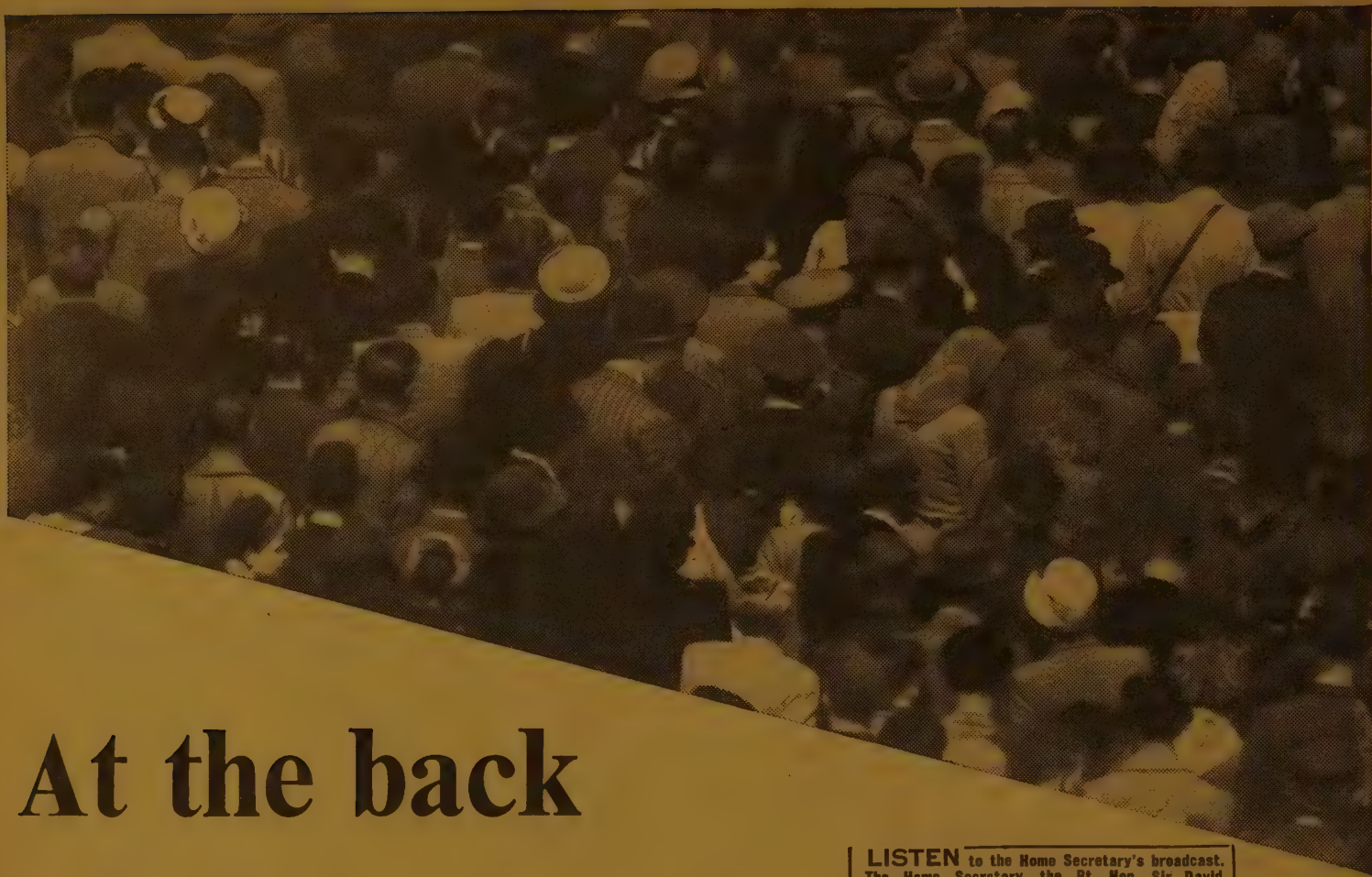


Stephen Murray (standing) as Izquierdo and Denholm Elliott as Montserrat in the adaptation of 'Montserrat' by Lilian Hellman on September 14

seems to prompt the most astonishing vagaries of gents' costume, some going navel bare, others hunched in corrugations of winter woollies—the heroes had the slightly awkward look of male voice glee clubs in competition, or faded sepia school photographs of The Play. One bunch or couple would cast haughty looks over stage left, but when the camera moved the people we thought they were sneering at proved to be on their stage right. It seemed a pity, too, that we could not see in one and the same shot Troilus spying on Cressida. And why not a real tree for Uncle Pandar's orchard? Stylisation so seldom succeeds on the television screen, unless it is more whole-hogging than here. Yet the camera was made to point up Ulysses' observations most effectively.

Walter Hudd was excellent; Richard Wordsworth as Thersites also made his points, but how trying is this stage rustic accent now prevailing for such roles! I liked Frank Pettingell's Pandarus, not in the least overdone. Among other first-rate performances in a moderately successful and brave adventure were William Squire (Hector) and John Fraser, a pathetic Troilus; Paul Hansard, Geoffrey Toone, and Michael Brennan, a wonderfully thick-necked Ajax; and others. Mary Watson was an effective Cressida; Jill Balcon carried off the mad Cassandra strikingly.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE



At the back of all our minds

LISTEN to the Home Secretary's broadcast. The Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, O.C., M.P., will speak on **THE HYDROGEN BOMB AND CIVIL DEFENCE** on Monday, 27th Sept. at 9.15 p.m., after the news, B.B.C. Home Service. On the Scottish Home Service, at the same time, there will be an address on Civil Defence by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Home, Minister of State for Scotland.

IS THERE anything we can do to prepare for the worst—a hydrogen bomb attack? Yes, there is.

However complete and extensive the destruction in the centre of the target area, there would still be a great ring around it only partly destroyed, with fires raging. People would still be alive there—many of them trapped in the fires and debris, many of them injured—all of them with lives to be saved—all looking for help to the civil defence services.

It is the people outside the target area who would have to come to their aid. They would be the ones who would rescue the trapped and injured, stop the fires from spreading, feed and shelter the homeless. *If they knew how.*

Even in the critical days of evacuation and preparation before a war broke

out, there would be immense tasks for the civil defence services.

Half a million people realise all this. They are training in civil defence and because of them, if war ever does come, thousands who might have died will live.

But still more help is wanted. There is a greater need than ever for *trained* Civil Defence Corps and Auxiliary Fire Service volunteers.

Now is the time to prepare

We are thankful that for the present the threat of war has receded. But even though there is no crisis now, we must not relax. An organisation whipped together in a crisis would not be much good. If the civil defence services are to be a permanent part of our defences—as they must be—the time to train is now.

Civil Defence is a vigorous going con-

cern. The A.F.S. is being equipped with new fire-fighting apparatus of the very latest design. The Civil Defence Staff College and Tactical School has trained over 3,000 leaders for the Corps. Training and social centres are being opened all over the country.

Thousands more are needed

There is before Parliament a Bill to enable Service men to be trained to take their places in mobile rescue and fire-fighting columns.

But local civil defence organisations are the first line of civil defence, and thousands more volunteers are needed for spare-time training everywhere—right away.

Why not look into it? Ask about it at your Town Hall. Remember, the more men and women who train now—the fewer people will die if war should come.

YOUR LOCAL CIVIL DEFENCE NEEDS YOU NOW MORE THAN EVER

of names, all manner of explanations, for Peter's narrative, its escapism, its wish-fulfilment, and so on. Its faithful readers think of it as just a healing fantasy: nonsense that can move to tears, and for parts of which another author's lines could be the epigraph: 'O'er the solemn woods that bound thee, ancient sunsets seem to die'.

On the air two characters dominated as they should. Peter Coke, the Gogo-Peter, gave a throbbing urgency to the long stretches of narrative and could even fix us with such a phrase as 'Out of those magnificent orbs, kindness, kindness, kindness, was shed like a balm'. Rachel Gurney spoke for the Duchess in a voice to cure all woe, a voice that did 'shed balm'. The rest had only to fill in; but they did it in the right spirit: D. A. Clarke-Smith, for example, rasping as Colonel Ibbetson of the incidental melodrama, and Betty Hardy adding an occasional annotation in the perfect footnote-voice. It was a night for romantics. When it was over I have no doubt that addicts would have stolen back to the book to glance guiltily at omitted passages, those little luxuries of the author's invention: the dream-operas, the couple of hours in the Yosemite Valley, the tribute to du Maurier's favourite English artists, innumerable nights in 'Magna sed Apta', even the mammoth, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew 'which we were able to study from seventeen different points of view'. Without extravagance, the radio play did suggest the trance-life of the outer world and the glowing reality of the inner. Listening to it, we could understand how du Maurier's first readers found themselves in a world transformed, 'dreaming true' at last.

If I believed in 'Peter Ibbetson', it ought to have been easy to believe in 'Random Harvest' (Home), a tall enough story but much less tall than du Maurier's. Robert Harris' grave sincerity can seize the mind. Preston Lockwood had gummed together the episodes of the novel in a cunning radio *montage*, getting us to accept such a seemingly casual phrase as 'Five years later, in 1929 . . .' And yet the piece did not persuade. The man who lost his memory was a dull type. Although I tried, with all my will, to believe in Paula-Helen (Mary Wimbush), the curious husband-wife partnership never affected the imagination with the power of the twin souls of 'Peter Ibbetson'. While the du Maurier version fulfilled all it promised, 'Random Harvest' was merely on the edge of becoming something much more important than it turned out to be.

A short play, 'International Conference' (Home), was an anecdote in which the characters, introduced to us with great care, had little to say for themselves: it was like an awkward gap at a party, though Godfrey Kenton, with his biscuit-crisp manner, worked gallantly to fill it. In 'Variety Playhouse' (Home) I enjoyed the radio style of Bill Maynard, a comedian eager to explain all his jokes and desperately anxious that nothing should be missed. I shall look forward to hearing him again, either with or without a remarkable soprano giggler in the studio audience, someone who was clearly having a happy hour, 'dreaming true'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Detribalisation

ONE LIVES AND LEARNS. M. Jourdain was surprised to hear that for years he had been unknowingly talking prose, while at the beginning of last week I made the startling discovery that since my thirteenth year, if not before, I have been undergoing a process of detribalisation. The word, as it caught my eye, seemed to

imply some sort of enfeeblement, a devitalising change in mind and body, but my four dictionaries preserved a sinister silence on its meaning and it was Dr. Paul Bohannan, Lecturer in Social Anthropology at Oxford, in the first of two talks called 'The Chimera of Detribalisation', who initiated me into its implications and made me realise, though he did not tell me so, that I had greatly accelerated its action by installing a telephone and, later, acquiring a radio set. He was dealing with its effects on certain tribes in Africa and Oceania.

To anthropologists, I gather, the word is familiar, but for the benefit of the rest of us he began by illustrating its significance, so fully indeed that I grew restive and began to wonder if we should reach the tribes in the twenty minutes allotted to us, for the Third Programme has trained us to be pretty quick in the uptake nowadays. But these fears proved to be unfounded and, all in good time, we had reached Polynesia and Dr. Bohannan was pointing out the mixed effects of the brief visit of James Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator. A few axes made the building of canoes a much quicker and easier job, but measles and influenza were a less welcome importation, and muskets (I forget if it was Cook or a later visitor who left these) turned wars from something akin to a dangerous sport into a much more deadly business. The early traders had no wish to change political conditions, but the missionaries set out with the deliberate intention of introducing new and foreign ideas and, all innocently, they had a devastating effect on family and inter-tribal relations.

I reluctantly switched off the last five minutes of this stimulating talk in order to hear Michael Young, Director of the Institute of Community Studies, on the subject of 'New Earswick', the village near York founded by Joseph Rowntree's Village Trust fifty years ago. It was intended to be a model for future foundations of a community 'where working people might lead healthy, full, and independent lives'. But here, when Mr. Young visited it recently, he found that detribalisation, or something like it, has already set in. The village still has its individual character, but it is less of a community than it was. Rowntree had envisaged a community of several generations with a shared home and history, but with the improvement in transport and communications many young people nowadays leave the village in pursuit of better jobs, families are scattered and, besides this, radio and television are disintegrating the village's unique individuality. It was inevitable. I gather from Dr. Bohannan's use of the word 'chimera' in his title that his second talk, last Saturday, will have shown that detribalisation is, in the long run, a blessing not a curse, and I am sorry not to have been able to listen to it.

Is it mere pedantry to suggest a connection between the new word at the head of these remarks and that other and more formidable new word, myxomatosis? I leave it to readers, gentle and ungentle, to reply. The Home Service programme of this name lasted forty-five minutes and treated the subject with thoroughness and absolute impartiality. R. M. Lockley compiled the script from a number of recordings of the views of scientists, farmers, sportsmen, government officials, people commercially interested in rabbit fur, and others. The evidence was not only British: some of the recordings were from Australia and France. They were neatly linked together by John Irving who, with Mr. Lockley, had collected and recorded the evidence. This was a model of what such programmes should be: ship-shape, undecorated by inessentials, and—what I had hardly expected—of compelling interest. It gave us in brief all the available evidence for and against the deliberate

use of the disease in exterminating a creature which, in parts of Australia at least, has reached the proportions of a plague and even here and in France does enormous damage to crops; but it left me still unable to make up my mind which alternative to plump for because two items in the evidence are still indeterminate, namely, how much the infected rabbits suffer (the disease appears to stupefy them and so it is possible, but not proved, that they suffer little), and what would be the financial gain or loss to the country if they were exterminated. One of the witnesses raised a searching question: If it were a question of rats and not rabbits would we hear any humanitarian protests?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Britten and Mozart

IT WAS OBVIOUS that to the composer of 'Peter Grimes' and 'Billy Budd', Henry James' story, 'The Turn of the Screw', would present a special attraction. Whether Britten was wise to succumb to the temptation of translating the perfectly told little tale into the terms of his own art is a question to which I prefer to postpone a complete answer until I have seen the opera in the theatre. Such comment as I can make now is based upon the necessarily partial impression created by the broadcast of its first performance in Venice.

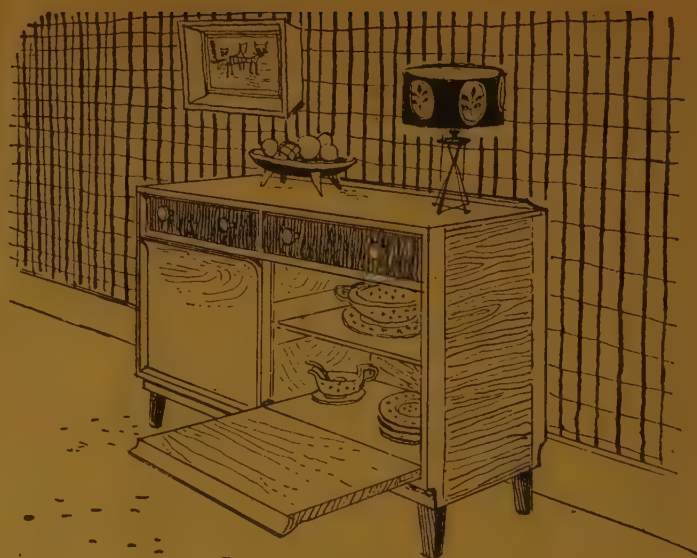
As I see it, the merit of the tale, its special brand of horriification, lies in its ambiguities, its reticences, in what it does not say. With consummate art James created an atmosphere of uncanny eeriness, which makes one look up uneasily from the page at some imagined presence in the room. And yet, when one lays the book down, can one be sure that the ghosts of Peter Quint and Miss Jessel have really been haunting the doomed children? Or are they only figments of the Governess' fervid imagination, stimulated by the environment of the old and lonely house? She is certainly the only person who sees the ghosts, and it is she who attributes to her charges the awareness of their presence. Yet the children's behaviour is quite consistent with their innocence up to the moment of Miles' despairing cry. Above all, the ghosts utter not a word. Let them appear, substantial, before all eyes, and let them speak—does not that destroy the whole fabric of the tale, which, as far as its factual material goes, is a melodramatic anecdote of little significance? The art lay in the telling.

This is not to say that the translation could not be made; the art might be made to lie in the music. Britten, with his mature and imaginative command of instrumental *timbres*, has managed to create a sense of unease and mystery (as well as of juvenile gaiety, when that is the note) in the set of orchestral variations which punctuate the brief scenes. These seemed entirely successful in creating the various moods. But the scenes themselves, with half-heard words and sometimes a good deal of uncertainty as to which of the sopranos was singing—there was a particularly unfortunate similarity between the voices of the Governess and Miss Jessel—resolved themselves into a cantata-like series of vignettes, which seemed to lack dramatic tension, and ended in boring one with their monotony. But, in fairness, I must mention that the Italianate unpunctuality of the performance—no great matter for the audience in the lovely Fenice Theatre—did not help the listeners at home to find enjoyment in such a drab entertainment. Only an outstanding masterpiece could have carried one blithely past the midnight hour and made it seem haunted.

The Vienna Opera has provided the chief delights of the week with performances of



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of House & Garden
has articles on
new ways to use colour well;
room settings keyed to
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'Figaro' and 'Cosi fan tutte', to which, in the expectation of having to devote my space next week to Berkeley's 'Nelson', I may add a word on 'Don Giovanni' in anticipation of the broadcast. On paper the cast of 'Figaro' was as strong as one could hope for. Yet, heard at home, it sounded a good deal less wonderful than it evidently seemed to the enraptured audience in the Royal Festival Hall. There was, indeed, superbly fine playing by the orchestra under Karl Böhm's direction. The string-tone was as silken as ever and the wood-winds, which at one time had deteriorated, have regained their form, as was specially evident in 'Cosi fan tutte'. But much of the singing sounded slack, as though the singers were tired, as some might well be after a strenuous season, and were walking through the parts. The ensembles were often ill balanced and the Trio in the second act lacked

dramatic excitement. In this, by the way, the Susanna (Irmgard Seefried) made nothing of her delicious upward scales, and substituted E for the high C. Indeed, it was not till 'Deh vieni' that Miss Seefried showed us her true quality, singing that air with a melting sweetness I have rarely heard equalled. Lisa della Casa was only intermittently good as the Countess and Paul Schöffler sounded too much the 'heavy father' both as the Count and as Don Alfonso.

Erich Kunz is always the life and soul of any performance to which he contributes, and though he had trouble with his high Fs in 'Se vuol ballare', his Figaro was as mercurial and witty as his Leporello was earthy, the Viennese equivalent of a cockney humorist. That, with all his fooling, he can give exquisite shades of meaning by nuances of vocal tone was amply evident in 'Cosi fan tutte', which, allowing for

a certain brusqueness amounting almost to roughness, I thought the best of the three performances. The two ladies were excellent, and though Emmy Loose (admirable Zerlina) has not Alda Noni's sense of fun and the performance lacked the high finish and elegant artificiality of the one I heard in Edinburgh under Gui, it was supremely enjoyable. Léopold Simoneau sang 'Una aura amorosa' as exquisitely as he does Ottavio's airs. George London, the excellent Amfortas of the Bayreuth 'Parsifal', hardly commands the Mozartian style, but he is the most personable Don Giovanni we have seen since Ezio Pinza. Elisabeth Grümmer's Donna Anna and Sena Jurinac's Elvira and her Cherubino (hustled though she was through 'Voi che sapete') contributed to our enjoyment of these rare treats.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

German Music Today

By COLIN MASON

The first of a series of programmes of contemporary German music will be broadcast at 9.20 p.m. on September 27 (Third)

UNTIL fairly recently, German music since 1930 has been represented for the rest of the world almost entirely by the exiled Hindemith, whose music alone has been accessible. It is only during the last two or three years that the names of his contemporaries who stayed behind and were cut off have begun, together with those of the post-war generation, to become familiar, and their music to be heard. This has shown in general rather less in common with Hindemith's than might have been expected. Exile has had on him the not uncommon effect of bringing out rather than submerging his inherited national characteristics, and has made his style the purest possible distillation of the spirit of German music, whereas German music at home has been subject to many influences.

The demand in Hitler's Germany for a style intelligible to the masses was successfully met by two of his contemporaries, Carl Orff (b. 1895) and Werner Egk (b. 1901). Orff is the more remarkable personality, and carried the search for a popular style very much farther than any Russian composer, to the most audacious possible primitiveness. It is well illustrated in 'Catulli Carmina' (1943). Harmonic progression scarcely exists, and when some suggestion of it does appear it is immediately petrified in an *ostinato*. The melodic movement is almost equally restricted and repetitive, and even the rhythm avoids any complexity or subtlety. The appeal of the music is entirely in its dynamic impetus.

Egk has not carried simplification so far. Although he, too, avoids any considerable thematic development, his material is less primitive, at times even rather refined and sophisticated. Certain of his instrumental music has something in common, in cleanness of texture and rhythmic technique, with that of Boris Blacher (b. 1903), who although only two years his junior is identified more with the next generation. The most distinctive feature of Blacher's music, which at its best is attractive, clean-lined, and animated, without great originality or richness of invention, is the use of so-called 'variable metres' based on principles of arithmetical progression. The first twenty bars of his Piano Sonata, for instance, contain respectively 2 3 2 3 4 2 3 4 5 2 3 4 5 6 2 3 4 5 6 7 quavers, and so on until in the thirty-fifth bar the maximum of nine quavers is reached, when simplifications, inversions and other variations of the progression two to nine are intro-

duced. The potentialities of this technique are still unproved and little explored. Blacher's preoccupation with it has tended to limit the development and interest of his music in other directions, and in his use of it there is a serious weakness in the complete identification of the rhythm with the metre, a lack of conflict or tension between the two, which when once the fundamentally simple metrical scheme has been grasped, and the novelty has worn off, is exposed as a deficiency of real rhythmic interest and vitality.

Among Blacher's slightly younger contemporaries, traces of Hindemith's influence reappear. Harald Genzmer (b. 1909) is a composer of purely Hindemithian outlook and manner of speech, although not of the same originality or imagination. His Sonata for recorder and piano is a less distinguished product of the same conception of the composer's function as produced the Sonata for cor anglais and piano by which Hindemith is represented, one of the many such works that he has written for a great variety of instruments ill provided with solo music, intended first for the pleasure of players and only incidentally for listeners. Kurt Hessenberg (b. 1908) has rather more personality than Genzmer and although he breaks no new ground commands respect for his conservative idiom by the distinction of his style. More interesting is Karl Amadeus Hartmann (b. 1905), an isolated figure between the conservative and progressive groups, not an innovator but an empirical modernist who makes, in his intense and vehement symphonies, and enjoys, in their popular success, the best of both worlds.

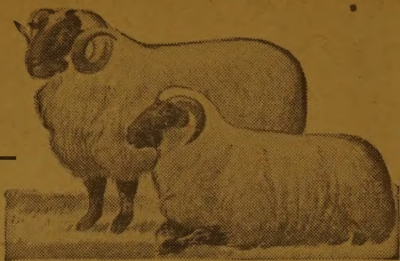
The most original and commanding composer of this generation is Wolfgang Fortner (b. 1907), who after first showing some allegiance to Hindemith has turned since the war to twelve-note composition. His application of this technique is of that kind widely used by post-war composers, in which an esoteric but aurally recognisable tonality is created for each work by the arrangement of the note-row in a few distinctive chords, often of similar or identical structure, from which everything in the work, harmonic and melodic, is derived. His Sonata for cello and piano, although very flexible in twelve-note technique, has all the characteristics of the style, in its almost hermetic formal and thematic tightness. Much of it is a hypnotic contemplation of certain repeated chords and *ostinato* figures, which are finally applied to a theme by Guillaume de Machaut, on which

Fortner builds a ballad in the form of variations, a strikingly beautiful, original, and satisfying conclusion to a compelling work.

The youngest generation of composers has turned decisively to the twelve-note method. Giseler Klebe (b. 1925), although a pupil of Blacher, is nearer to Fortner in harmonic method, as in the permeation of the harmony of his Violin Sonata by the sonority of softly clashing minor seconds. Blacher's influence on him shows in his regard for clarity and simplicity of texture, which has led him back beyond Fortner to a style more like Webern's. Heimo Erbse (b. 1924) is a more faithful disciple of Blacher, but the influence of Webern can again be heard, if faintly, in his Piano Sonata, sounding through the clean two-part texture and effective keyboard figurations, in the attractive, ear-ticking symmetrical arrangement of sounds and rhythms. The most considerable of the younger composers is Hans Werner Henze (b. 1926), a pupil of Fortner, who has shown unusual force of personality in throwing off the prevalent influence of Webern and returning to a more stony Schönbergian use of the twelve-note method, in which the note-row is more disguised and there is a much greater variety of thematic treatment. His Piano Variations are as wide in range as a set by Brahms, and show a fertility of invention and powers of thematic organisation of a higher order than those required for the Webern-like manipulation of sonorities.

These works of course give only a very sketchy idea of the state of German music today. With their unique, decentralised musical life, and the advantage it gives them of a quantity and catholicity of experiment impossible elsewhere, German composers have quickly made up for their lost years, and in exploring and exploiting the possibilities of twelve-note technique, which they have clearly accepted as the music of the present, have virtually outstripped the rest of Europe. The single exception is France. In their disinclination to go to French extremes the young German composers, in spite of their lack of interest in Hindemith's theories, which, in accepting twelve-note music, they have rejected, reveal after all an unchanging affinity of spirit with him, an unshakable adherence, in the face of the recurring challenge to them of French 'frivolity', to the sober, solid, conservative, and essentially German aesthetic values for which above all he stands.

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For the Housewife

Autumn Jobs Outside the House

By W. P. MATTHEW

IT is time to start thinking about the winter, and of some of the jobs about the house which ought to be done to get ready for it. I do not suppose the housewife will do all these things herself, but it might be worth while making a note of those she would like help with.

First, the outside of the house—and let us start with the fences. Take a hammer and a few galvanised nails for preference, because they do not rust, and nail back any loose boards you find. Then take the spade and draw away the soil which has become heaped up round the base of the fence. That wet soil would set up rot and it is best cleared away so that the fresh air can get at the timber. When the fence boards and posts and so on are really dry, and not before, give a generous coat of a wood preservative.

Go over the paths and other concrete work in the garden yard by yard, looking for any cracks and holes. Not only are these treacherous to the feet in frosty weather when you are hanging out the clothes, but they will inevitably get worse this winter unless they are seen to now. They get full of water, which freezes, and as it freezes expands. If that happens three or four times during the winter the cracks will become holes and the holes will become bigger—and before you know where you are you will be needing a new path. Rake the cracks clear of dirt and soil, wet them thoroughly, and then fill them up with a cement mortar. You make this out of one-part cement to three-parts sand, mixed with water until it resembles smooth plastic. Tuck the mortar firmly into the holes with a

trowel or an old knife and smooth it off afterwards.

Next, take an oil-can and a tin of grease of some kind, and make a thorough tour of inspection, greasing and oiling every bit of ironmongery which is exposed to the weather. Hinges of gates, garage doors and window sashes, clothes-line pulleys, the catch on the front gate, and so on. While you are at it, tackle the garden tools which will not be needed until next spring.

Have a good look round all the outside paintwork, particularly at the bases of the doors and the lower parts of wooded windows. Any places bare of paint should have a coat at once to protect them from the weather and to prevent rot setting in. Signs of rust on ironwork should be tackled. Rub away the rust down to bright metal and then give a dressing of one of the rust-preventing liquids and a coat of paint. Do not forget the putty round the windows, either. If bits of this are perished and cracked moisture will seep in. Cut away the old putty where necessary and replace with new. Leave the new putty to harden for a few days before painting it.

The next job will take only a few minutes but it is one which is often neglected for years, sometimes with serious results. All round the bases of the walls there are air, or ventilating, bricks. Their purpose is to admit a current of air which will circulate under the floors. Those currents of air are the best preventative of dry rot you can have, but often the air cannot get through into the fabric because the holes in the

ventilating bricks get clogged up with dirt. Take a thin cane and poke all the holes clear, and while on the job check up on any garden beds or borders against the house wall. If the soil in these gets heaped up so that it reaches above the damp course, then you will have damp walls for certain.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

P. H. FRANKEL (page 469): an oil expert and economist; author of *Essentials of Petroleum*
WALTER TAPLIN (page 471): editor of *The Spectator* since 1953

ANTHONY ASHTON (page 471): specialist in oil market research, economist and journalist; formerly on the staffs of the Board of Trade, the European Coal Organisation, *The Manchester Guardian*, and the National Coal Board

H. W. R. WADE (page 475): Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Trinity College

MICHAEL YOUNG (page 476): Director, Institute of Community Studies

RAOUL HAFNER (page 479): chief designer of the helicopter department of an aircraft company

PHILIP CARR (page 481): formerly dramatic critic of *The Daily News* and *The Manchester Guardian* and director of the Kingsway, Court, and Royalty Theatres

ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK (page 482): director of 'Mandy', 'The Man in the White Suit', 'Whisky Galore', etc.

Crossword No. 1,273.

Missing Links—III.

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

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The chain: 18—14—12—6A—28—35—42—1A—45—32—41—8—9—26—4.

Each link of the above chain, from beginning to end, is a synonymous clue to its successor, with an alternation of nouns and verbs in the sequence

(e.g., Group—set—sink—drain—filter, etc.). These links are to be found with the help of intersecting lights and by deduction. The unchecked letters of the fifteen missing links, in alphabetical order, are: A B D F M N P R T V W.

CLUES—ACROSS

11. Arch request for Backsheesh? (5)
16. Where an old flame appeared out of date (4)
17. Early Gnostic composer of rich tunes (9)
19. Crush the vulgar hero (5)
21. Drawer for Boulder clay (4)
23. Leonardo's time-piece (3)
25. A threefold arrangement is powerless (5)
27. Free from sweetness for a short time (3)
31. Toss a pebble (5)
33. A light matter, adjusted in advance (5)
36. Shakespeare's not regulated (9)
38. It connects two parts of Responses (4)
43. Produced the outcome of a need (5)
44. Difficulty about right for an innamorato (6)

DOWN

1. Sun god opposite the high altar—most chilly (6)
2. Torpid state where many died (8)
3. Bit of lipstick caught in a female's dimple (4)
5. Dusky maiden (3)
6. Liquor obtained by adding hydrogen to unused flour (5)
7. Old car smashed up, including most of the chain (7)
10. Ancestor's foreign articles (5)
13. Venus shows first signs of splendour in shift (6)
15. Fifty per cent. commission—mistake, surely (3)
19. Insulated green (3)
20. Partition adds allure to an apron (8)
22. Uncial lettering applied to Diana and Juno (6)

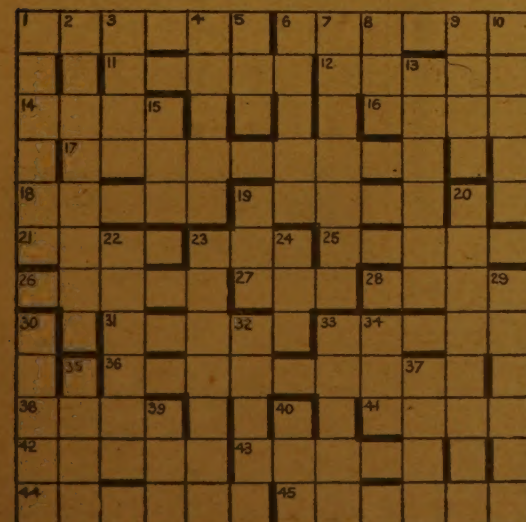
Solution of No. 1,271

P	O	S	T	A	G	E	S	T	A	M	P
E	C	H	O	L	U	T	L	U	L	A	E
N	B	O	M	B	A	Y	O	R	A	H	C
N	O	R	N	A	C	R	O	D	U	C	K
Y	B	E	O	T	H	E	N	O	D	D	S
Y	O	L	D	R	I	N	G	I	A	O	N
C	L	A	D	O	V	R	A	D	I	O	I
A	I	R	Y	S	Y	L	V	A	N	D	F
U	N	K	S	S	B	O	I	L	E	L	F
C	K	O	C	H	A	D	O	O	D	L	E
U	T	I	R	E	S	I	A	S	M	L	E
S	I	R	E	N	S	C	H	E	E	I	T

NOTES

11A, 33A. Song from 'Comus'; 12A, 8D. G. M. Hopkins 'The Woodlark'; Lullula to distinguish from skylark, Alauda; 18A. Puns on Skuld, Erd, Verd-and-e; 21A. 'at earliest dawn'; 24A. Yellow-hammer's song; 'little bit of bread and no cheese'; 49A. Brewer, birdsong expert; 53A, 10D. Martin Chuzzlewit; 1D-1A. C. L. Dodgson. Sylvie and Bruno; 3D. has black erectile 'horns'; 4D, 40D-55A-17B, 7D. R. Browning, 'Pied Piper' and 'Home Thoughts'; 5D. 'Ancient Mariner'. A.M. = Grey-beard Loon. Ellen-D = Life-in-Death; 6D. frugivorous; 9U. the 'Cham' of literature; 15D. Rice bunting.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. Dawney (Hornchurch); 2nd prize: W. O. P. Rosedale (London, S.W.19); 3rd prize: A. L. Warburton (Northolt).



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